



Gc  
974.802  
P53bol  
1832329

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL  
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

✓

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 02220 8471







THE LIFE OF  
Mrs. ROBERT CLAY

Afterwards Mrs. Robert Bolton  
(Née Ann Curtis)

---

1690-1738

---

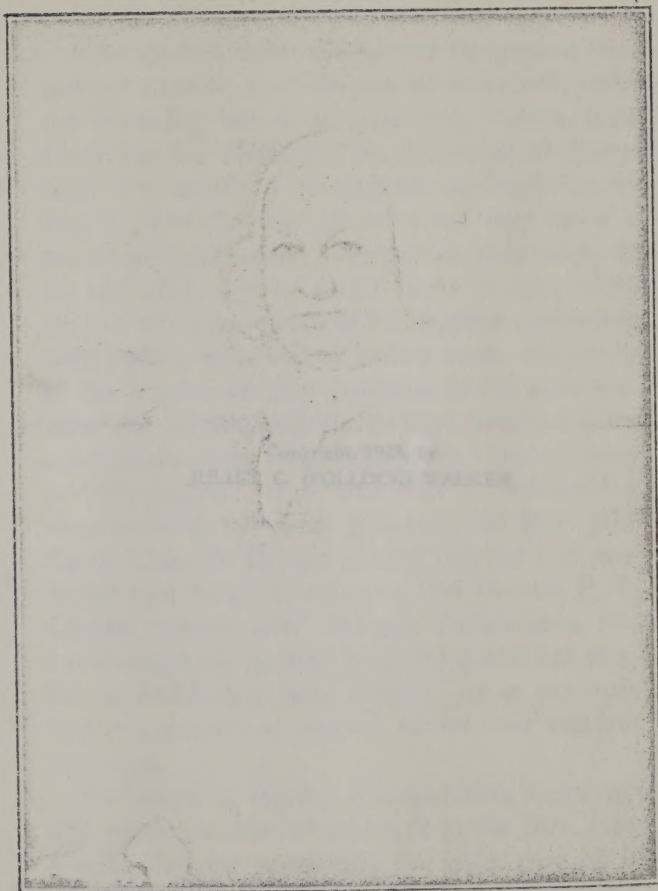
IN LETTERS WRITTEN BY HERSELF TO HER  
PHYSICIAN AND NOW TRANSCRIBED FROM  
THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT BY HER GREAT  
GRANDSON, THE REV. JEHU CURTIS CLAY.

---

PHILADELPHIA  
SEPTEMBER 1, 1812—MARCH 4, 1825



1832329



SLATER CLAY, SR.

BORN NOVEMBER 2, 1711

DIED FEBRUARY 20, 1707



## INTRODUCTION

---

VIEWED even under the light of the general educational advantages of the year of Our Lord, 1927, the following letters of Ann Clay Bolton (née Curtis) to her Physician, Dr. Anderson, of Maryland, are indeed a remarkable accomplishment. Begun when she was 48 years old they cover a period of eight years. Written as they were, in an age when few men and fewer women could read or write and many had to content themselves with signing their names with a cross, the purity of her English and the vividness of the word pictures she paints prove her to have been a woman more erudite than her neighbors in Penn's Colony at Philadelphia. It is true that in transcribing them in 1825, her great grandson, the Rev. Jehu Curtis Clay, D. D., the greatly beloved and venerated first English rector of Old Swedes P. E. Church, "Gloria Dei," Wicaco, Philadelphia, Pa., has changed the spelling from the quaint old English in which they were written, yet in the main they are exactly as penned almost two hundred years ago.

The diary is rapidly disintegrating from age and we owe a debt of gratitude to the Rev. Jehu Curtis Clay for preserving the early part of it. The Rev. Jehu Curtis Clay was born February 3, 1792, and died October 20, 1863; he married, first



## Introduction

October 27, 1814, Margaret Annan, daughter of Dr. William Annan and Jennet Schuyler (the latter a descendant of Philip Pieterse Schuyler, one of the founders of Albany), who was born April 1, 1798, and died April 16, 1826, and secondly, November 11, 1828, he married Simmons Edey, daughter of Richard P. A. and Julia Edey, who was born July 22, 1804, and died March 11, 1886.

On the right wall of Old Swedes Church, "Gloria Dei," Philadelphia, Pa., is a tablet whose inscription reads as follows:

"32 Years Rector of this Church.

In the adjoining cemetery are buried the  
remains of the

REVEREND JEHU CURTIS CLAY, D. D.

He was born on the 3rd of February,  
A. D. 1792, and died on the 20th of  
October, A. D. 1863

He was a man of lofty virtues  
A Christian of exemplary holiness  
A Priest of unusual fidelity  
A Pastor of rare diligence, tenderness  
and discretion.

His congregation have placed this stone  
to tell of their admiration, their reverence  
and their sorrowing love.

He was a good man and full of the Holy  
Ghost and of Faith.

Acts, Chap. XI, v. 24"



## Introduction

The remarkableness of the accomplishment of Ann Clay Bolton (née Curtis) is perhaps a trifle more understandable when we consider something of her life and her immediate relatives.

She was born November 15, 1690, and married December 16, 1710, at Christ Church, Philadelphia, by the Rev. Evan Evans, to Robert Clay, a young mariner, the only child of Robert Clay and Hannah Slater of Chesterfield, Derbyshire and Sheffield, Yorkshire, England. Both the Clays and Slaters were armigerous families of England.

Their arms are as follows:

CLAY—*Arms*—Argent, a chevron engrailed between three trefoils slipped sable.

*Crest*—Two wings expanded. Argent semée of trefoils slipped sable.

SLATER—*Arms*—Or, a chevron gules between three trefoils sable.

*Crest*—A gauntlet ppr.

*Motto*—Crescit sut pondere virtus.

Robert Clay was baptised December 9, 1688, at Chesterfield, Derbyshire, England, and was lost at sea while in command of his ship, the "Triumph" of Liverpool in 1716. His will is recorded in Philadelphia. Will Book D, page 181, No. 211, is of interest, showing his devotion to his wife.



## Introduction

"In the Name of God, Amen, the tenth day of April, Annoq-Dom 1711, I Robert Clay of the City of Philadelphia Marriner puerposing to take a voyage to Sea and knowing the uncertainty of this Life and that it is appointed once for all men to Die do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament that is to say principally and first of all I recommend my Soul into the hands of God that gave it and as for what Estate it has pleased God to bless me in this life I Give..... bequeath and dispose of in the manner following.

"IMPRIS—I Give and Bequeath to Ann Clay my Dearly beloved wife all and singular my whole Estate both Real and Personal or wheresoever found that is to say what is or may be mine or at my disposal in the hands of my honoured ffather Robert Clay of Shiefield in Yorkshire in the kingdom of Great Britain\* or what is or shall be mine by any other Gift, Legacy or Legacys unto the said Ann my beloved wife her heirs, Executors and Assigns forever.

"Secondly, I likewise Constitute and appoint and Ordain Ann my said Wife (by me Dearly

---

*\* His father's will dated September 30, 1736, probated January 22, 1738, Exchequer Court of York, England, cuts off his two grandsons, Slator Clay and Thomas Clay, with "five shillings a peece in full of what they may or can clame out of any part of my frechold copyhould or personall estate whatsoever."*



## Introduction

beloved) my only and sole Executrix of this my last Will and Testament all and Singular my whole Estate by her freely to be possessed and Enjoyed and I do hereby Disallow revoke and Disannull all and every other former Testament, Legacy and Bequests by me in any ways before this time made, named or bequeathed Ratifying and Confirming this and no other to be my last Will and Testament. In Witness whereof, I have hereto set my hand and seal the Day and Year above written.

“(Signed) ROBERT CLAY.

“Signed, sealed, published, pronounced and declared by the said Robert Clay to be his last Will and testament in the presence of us the Subscribers:

“WM. POOLE

“ROBERT LIDDERDAIL

“JOHN FISHER

“This Will was probated February 11, 1720.”

Of this union four children were born:

1. Slater Clay (frontispiece), born November 2, 1711, at Philadelphia; died February 20, 1767, at New Castle, Delaware; married February 2,



## Introduction

1740<sup>1</sup>/<sub>1</sub>, Ann Curtis, daughter of Jehu and Mary (Brinkle) Curtis, born November 29, 1723, died June 14, 1789.

2. Robert Clay, born 1713 at Philadelphia and died 1713 (buried 5th mo. 5th, 1713) at Philadelphia.

3. Hannah Clay, born July 30, 1714, at Philadelphia and died August 1, 1714.

4. Thomas Clay, born September 1, 1715, in his grandfather's house near Sheffield, Yorkshire, England; died 1744; married Mary Wilmer, daughter of Simon and Dorcas Wilmer. After Thomas Clay's death his widow married October 30, 1746, Rev. George Wm. Forester, Rector of Shrewsbury Parish, Maryland.

Ann Clay Bolton (née Curtis) married secondly on Friday, February 19, 1721, in Christ Church, Philadelphia, by the Rev. John Vicary, Robert Bolton, the only son of John and Ann Bolton, of Yorkshire, England, who was born in the parish of St. John's, Wales, in the Wapentake of Strafforth and Tickhill, West Riding, Yorkshire, on Thursday, July 26, 1688, and he died in Philadelphia June 23, 1742. Both of the husbands of Ann Clay Bolton (née Curtis) were born in Yorkshire in the same year and in the same neighborhood. Robert Bolton's will, re-



## Introduction

corded in Philadelphia, Letters of Administration, Book D, page 260, is also of interest, particularly as he bequeaths 5£ to his stepsons, Slater and Thomas Clay, whom he calls, according to the custom of the times, his "Sons in Law."

"In the Name of God: Amen. I, Robert Bolton, of the City of Philadelphia, in the Province of Pennsylvania, Merchant, being weak in health of body, and of sound, perfect and disposing mind, memory, and understanding, do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following, (that is to say), first, my will and mind is that my just debts and funeral expenses be duly paid and discharged by my executrix hereinafter named. Item, I give and bequeath unto my sons in law, Slater Clay and Thomas Clay, Five pounds a piece, to be paid them at their respective ages of twenty-one years. Item, I give and bequeath unto my sons Robert Bolton and John Bolton, Five pounds a piece, to be paid to them at their respective ages of twenty-one years. Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughters Ann Bolton, Mary Bolton and Rebecca Bolton, five pounds a piece, to be paid them at their respective ages of eighteen years. Item, all the Rest and Residue of my estate—Real and Personal—Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments,



## Introduction

Goods and Chattels, whatsoever and wheresoever, I give devise and bequeath unto my dear and loving wife, Ann Bolton, her heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever; and I do hereby revoke and make void all former Wills and Testaments by me Heretofore made. In witness whereof, I, the said Robert Bolton, have to this, my last Will and Testament, set my hand and seal, this seventeenth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty four.

“(Signed) ROBERT BOLTON.

“Signed, sealed, published and declared by the Testator, as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us whose names are subscribed as Witnesses:

“THOS. BYLES

“FRAS. RICHARDSON”

As no executor was named, Letters of Administration were granted to Ann Bolton July 3, 1742.

Philadelphia Administration Book D, page 263:

“Whereas Bolton left a will or codicil and did not appoint an Executor. On July 3, 1742, Letters of Administration granted to Anne Bolton.



## Introduction

She has since become infirm and incapable of discharging the Duty, thereby Incumbent, therefore Edward Shippen, (This was Edward Shippen, called 'of Lancaster' by his family, who in 1744 was 34th Mayor of Philadelphia) Creditor appointed Administrator of the Estate, 9th October, 1742. 'This Will was probated July 5, 1742.'

Of this union nine children were born:

5. Robert Bolton, born January 1, 1722; died May 4, 1789; married 1747 Susannah, daughter of Mathieu and Jane Mauve (born 1729, died 1764); he married second in 1770, a widow of Samuel Stirk; she died January 30, 1794.

6. Ann Bolton, born Philadelphia February, 1723; married first 1739-40, Mr. Wood; secondly, John Mercer.

7. Mary Bolton, born Philadelphia April 5, 1724; married December 26, 1740, James Habersham; died January 4, 1763.

8. John Bolton, born Philadelphia March 20, 1725; buried May 21, 1726.

9. John Bolton, born 1726, Philadelphia; married Eleanor Dougherty.

10. Joseph Bolton, twin, born Philadelphia June 20, 1727; died October 10, 1727.

11. Hannah Bolton, twin, born Philadelphia June 20, 1727; buried 28th April, 1729.



## Introduction

12. Joseph Bolton, born Philadelphia August 25, 1728; died 10th June, 1729.

13. Rebecca Bolton, born December 20, 1729; died in February, 1748.

Ann Clay Bolton (née Curtis), mother of thirteen children blessed slightly with this world's riches, yet happy and rich in the love of her family, in religious devotion and in humble Christianity, died May 5, 1747, Philadelphia.

Ann Clay Bolton (née Curtis) was the daughter of Winlock Curtis and Ann Bowers, of Kent County, Del.

Her paternal grandparents were John Curtis (a member of the Governor's Council from Kent County, 1687-89-90-93-98 under William Penn, and a member of the Assembly in 1682-83-84-85, and was Justice of the Peace from Kent County February 28, 1685, and again in 1690. He received on 21st February 168<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> at the court held in St. Joneses Countie, now in the State of Delaware, a grant of "a thousand ackers of land") and Elizabeth Cabley, daughter of John Cabley and ....., John Curtis married secondly November 27, 1689, Priscilla, widow of Nathaniel Hunn, widow of George Bowers, and after John Curtis's death she married John Gilbert as her fourth husband.



## Introduction

On the maternal side, the grandparents of Ann Clay Bolton (née Curtis) were Benanuel Bowers (born about 1632, died May, 1698) and Elizabeth Dunster, whom he married December 9, 1653-4. Elizabeth Dunster was a niece of Henry Dunster, first President of Harvard College. In Henry Dunster's will of February 8, 1658, he bequeaths "To my cousin Bowers and her children five shillings apiece." Cousin is probably here used in the old way, meaning a relative and possibly meant his niece.

Benanuel Bowers was a militant Quaker and suffered much for his religion by fine, whip and prison. Some letters and doggerel lines of his are yet preserved in the Middlesex County Court, one addressed to Thomas Danforth the magistrate, dated March 3, 1677, reads as follows:

"To Thomas Danforth, Maggistrate,  
It is nigh hard this fiteene years since first oure  
War begun  
And yet the feild I have not lost nor thou the  
conquest wunn,  
Against thy power I have ingaged which of us  
twoo shall conquer  
I am resolved if God assist to put it to the venter  
Both my person and estate for truth Isle sacrifice  
And all I have Ile leave at stake Ile venter win or  
loose.



## Introduction

He that from his cullors runs an leaves his cap-  
taine in the feild  
By the law of Armes he ought to dy and reason  
good should yeald  
Unwise art thou against the streame to strive  
For in thy enterprise thou are not like to thrive,  
Thy forces are to weake thou art not like to con-  
quer  
For with a power thou has ingagd that will thy  
forces scatter  
Of him thats wise thou counsell didst not take,  
Thy teachers like unto thyself Ime sorry for thy  
sake  
Though of Christianity profession thou dost make  
And yet thy neighbor doest oppress only for con-  
science sake  
Tho' art as blind as Bonner was that burnt the  
martyrs at the stake,  
To the proud belongs the fall he surely shall comm  
downe,  
Out of his throne be brought he shall mans pride  
must come to the ground  
Abomminable if his deed soe in the end heas like  
to speed  
Dread belongs to the evell—Almighty God will  
recompense.

From Cambridge Prison, March 3, 1677.

BENANUELL BOWER."



## Introduction

Her mother, Ann Bowers, born October 14, 1668, buried 12th month, 11, 172<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>, was the sixth child and fourth daughter of Benanuel Bowers, of Charlestown, Mass., and according to tradition was sent with three of the elder children to Philadelphia and vicinity to earn their living. Ann Bowers, when about twenty-one, in 1689, married Winlock Curtis, a mariner who was lost at sea or disappeared in 169<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>. She married second, April, 1698, John Deacons, who died May 15, 1698. She then married third, John Budd in 1701, he was born February 22, 1647, and was buried 9th month, 18, 1704. She then married fourth, Joseph Wood in 1714, and he died before 1723. Two children were born of the marriage with Winlock Curtis.

1. Ann Curtis, the author of the following letters.

2. Jehu Curtis, born October 19, 1692; died November 18, 1753; married about 1721 Mary Brinkle (born 1702, died September 18, 1780), and she married a second husband, Jacob Van Bebber, merchant of St. George's Hundred, who died in April, 1768.

Ann Clay Bolton's (née Curtis) brother, Jehu Curtis was prominent in the affairs of the three lower counties of Pennsylvania (New Castle,



## Introduction

Kent and Sussex, annexed to Pennsylvania December 6, 1682, made the State of Delaware September 21, 1776), Speaker of the Delaware Assembly, Judge of the Supreme Court and Treasurer of the Loan Office, upon whose tombstone, near the porch of Immanuel Church at New Castle, is the following epitaph written by Benjamin Franklin:

"IN MEMORY OF

JEHU CURTIS, ESQ.

LATE SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY

A JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT

TREASURER AND TRUSTEE OF THE LOAN OFFICE

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE NOV. 18, 1753

AGED 61 YEARS.

If to be prudent in Council,  
Upright in Judgment,  
Faithful in Trust,  
Give value to the Public Man;  
If to be sincere in friendship,  
Affectionate to relations,  
And kind to all around him,  
Make the private man amiable,  
Thy death, O Curtis,  
As a general loss,  
Long shall be lamented."



## Introduction

The probable reason for Franklin's writing the above epitaph was the friendship that existed between the two families. Ann Clay Bolton (née Curtis) refers to this friendship in a letter near the close of her life, published in the "Family of Bolton" concerning the arrival of her unmarried daughter, Rebecca, and her son-in-law, James Habersham, on May 27, 1745, after five years' absence.

"I have trusted in the Lord, and been helped. My ever worthy Son, Mr. Habersham, and my dear Becky arrived safe, and were brought to my Chamber, where, for a whole year, I had been confined with illness. Mrs. Franklin (note, Mrs. Benj. Franklin) conducted and introduced them to me in a most tender and civil manner. After apologizing for her long absence from me, and promising to be more attentive in future, she went out and brought in those two long longed-for, much-loved ones, at which sight my eyes were full."

The aunt of Ann Clay Bolton (née Curtis), Bathsheba Bowers, also tried her hand at writing, and in 1709 published a S. M. 4-to 23 page booklet entitled "An Alarm Sounded to Prepare the Inhabitants of the World to Meet the Lord in the Way of His Judgment," also a history of her life and other writings. She built a house



## Introduction

and a bower that Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia," refers to as "Bathsheba's Bower" standing at the junction of Little Dock and Second Streets, Philadelphia.

From this short record of her family it is perhaps not so remarkable that she should have felt the urge to write and to tell her reaction to the conditions and the age in which she lived.

The latter part of her life seems to have been filled with suffering from ill health, the following (taken from "The Family of Bolton" as is all the information relating to the Bolton family) indicates this, but also indicates her Christian fortitude and her simple and beautiful faith in Almighty God:

"Philadelphia, November 15, 1744.

"SIR:

"I am this day fifty-four years old, in the thoughts of which I bow before the Almighty God, saying: 'Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage.' How many more await me, I know not, but to reach the age of my much honor'd grandmother, by my mother's side (note this was Elizabeth Dunster, born about 1632, died about 1692), I shall live to the age of sixty. This month five years ago I was first visited by the Rev. Mr. Whitfield in a wonderful



## Introduction

manner, and now I have received a letter from him even this day, dated from Mr. Smith's a merchant and a worthy gentleman and a Christian in Boston. I can not but admire and wonder at the loving kindness of the Lord in sending that worthy messenger once more among us. You see, Doctor, I am true as steel. I cannot profess a friendship without going through with it, nor drop it upon any occasion, much less a light one, as the manner of the world is but as constancy, truth, and integrity are gifts from above, so thither I trust my praises will ascend till time shall end with me in happy eternity. I shall no more at present of this godly minister and faithful messenger, but give you the remainder in his own words which are as follows:"

"York, November 5, 1744.

"DEAR MRS. BOLTON:

"Tho' I have been absent from you so long, yet I still retain that cordial respect for you which I had given me when God, by His all wise providence, bro't me to Phila. first; this has been increasing ever since you have been so nearly related to my very dear Mr. Habersham. (Note her son-in-law). Pray have you heard from him lately? I long to hear from him and to see him. God willing the time will now shortly come. I



## Introduction

purpose going by land to Georgia, and to call at Philadelphia in the way, where I hope to see you joying in God and rejoicing in God your Saviour. My dear wife, will, by divine permission, accompany me. We both salute you most heartily, and all dear friends, praying that you may be filled with all the fulness of God. I subscribe myself, dear Mrs. Bolton.

“Your most affect. friend and serv’t,

“G. WHITEFIELD.

“Pray direct for me to

Mr. Smith’s, merchant, in Boston.”

“Phila., Dec. 15th, 1744.

“Tomorrow will be four weeks since I was seized in a most violent manner with death, I should have thought, had I not frequent alarms of this sort to warn me of approaching dissolution. I have also been informed of our friend, the good Mr. Whitefield’s (Rev. George Whitfield) illness, by which he was in jeopardy of his life, at the same time of my late greivous illness. I am but recovered, as it were today, for which I praise the Lord and hope that I shall ever continue to praise His Name, and say by experience with the Psalmist (new version)—



## Introduction

“He that has God his guardian made,  
Shall under the Almighty's Shade,  
Secure and undisturbed abide;  
Therefore it is to Him I'll say,  
Thou art my fortress and my stay,  
My God, in Whom I will confide.”

“My situation in being placed between the Church and Quaker burying place and in the midst of the new building burying ground (so called) (note, Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia), beside the sight of my dear husband's grave and four of my young children lying beside him in my view. I say, all these afford a melancholy prospect, beside the almost daily funerals of acquaintances or strangers, makes this world appear but a theatre of misery! O Heaven! grant that I may be duly prepared to enter eternity, from whence there is no returning; the same that I beg for myself, I beg also for you, and am your unalterable friend.

“ANN BOLTON.”

June 24, 1746: “O, Jesus! when time shall be swallowed up in eternity, then this corruptible shall be clothed with incorruption, this mortal shall be covered with immortality. This is what I wait for. Come quickly, dearest Lord! Oh! quickly come, my Saviour!”



## Introduction

And the following paragraph closes the journal or letters:

"God be praised everlasting for his inestimable riches in Christ! My soul does often mount up above this earth and converse with the holy Jesus, with prophets and apostles, with Philpot, Latimer, Cranmer, Ridley and all that glorious company of martyrs. Dear Lambert, Hooper and Bradford, Oh! my soul longs to flee away and be at rest with you and all pious and holy souls who have been made perfect through sufferings! Oh! fit me for thy kingdom, dearest Lord, then take me to thyself. Amen."

She died Tuesday, May 5, 1747, and she was buried by the side of her second husband, Robert Bolton, in the "new building burying ground," Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, on May 7, 1847.

The closing record of Ann Clay Bolton (née Curtis) is in the Christ Church Register:

"For breaking ground and use of pall—Widow Bolton, 1747 4s. 6d."

As previously stated, these letters begun in 1738 and continued till near the close of her life were preserved from oblivion and the destructive effects of time by her great grandson, the Rev. Jehu Curtis Clay, D. D., who from 1812 to 1825 transcribed the first part of these letters, which



## Introduction

you may read on the following pages. This transcription was carefully preserved by his daughter, Emily Clay, who was born September 6, 1817, and died March 15, 1895, and who married October 5, 1841, Wm. Pollock, born October 30, 1816, and died November 12, 1902. At her death her daughters, Mary Wilson (Pollock) Hubley and Juliet Campbell (Pollock) Walker, continued the trust, and the latter's zeal for the transcription's preservation is responsible for it being typed by her niece, Jeannette Schuyler Hubley, for publication.

Grateful acknowledgment is here made to the following subscribers whose generosity made this publication possible:

MARY B. ARMSTRONG,  
HELEN B. BEERS,  
LAURA (POLLOCK) BUSHNELL,  
EMMA (POLLOCK) CORSS,  
ANNIE B. FURST,  
F. CURTIS HUBLEY,  
ANNETTE HUGHES KAERCHER,  
ANNIE L. MANN,  
M. LOUISE (HUBLEY) MAYHEW,  
EMILY CLAY MULLER,  
WM. POLLOCK MEIGS,  
FRANCIS H. POLLOCK,  
JAMES POLLOCK,  
ANNE C. (POLLOCK) RILEY,  
JULIET C. (POLLOCK) WALKER.



## Introduction

In addition to the notes by Rev. Jehu Curtis Clay, D. D., shown in italics, I have added foot-notes Nos. 1 to 34, which give some dates and other genealogical data.

W. NELSON MAYHEW, B. S., C. E.

November 7, 1927,

Mt. Airy, Phila., Pa.



# A LETTER DIARY

WRITTEN 1738-1746

A GLIMPSE INTO THE EARLY HISTORY  
OF PENN'S COLONY AT  
PHILADELPHIA

BY

ANN CLAY BOLTON (*née* CURTIS)

---

ORIGINALLY TRANSCRIBED

FROM 1812-1825

BY

REV. JEHU CURTIS CLAY, D. D.

With notes by him shown in *italics*



# THE LIFE OF ANN BOLTON

---

November 15, 1738.

For some reasons, perhaps Sir, not unknown to you, I step out of the common road, and first mention my family on my Mothers side.

My Grandfather, Benanuel Bowers<sup>1</sup> was born in England of honest Parents; but his Father, being a man of stern temper, and a rigid Oliverian, obliged my Grandfather (who out of a pious zeal, turned to the religion of the Quakers) to flee for succour into New England.

My Grandmother's name was Elizabeth Dunster.<sup>2</sup> She was born in Lancashire, in Old England, but, her Parents dying when she was young, her Uncle Dunster,<sup>3</sup> who was himself, at that time President of the College in New England, sent for her thither, and discharged his duty to her not only in that of a kind uncle, but a good

---

<sup>1</sup> Born about 1632. Died May, 1698. Married December 9, 165<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>. He was the son of George Bowers and Barbarie.

<sup>2</sup> Born about 1632. Died 1692.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. Henry Dunster. Born about 1610. Married 1641. Elizabeth Glover. Died February 27, 165<sup>8</sup>/<sub>9</sub>. First President of Harvard College or University.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Christian and tender Father. By all reports, he was a man of great wisdom, exemplary piety, and peculiar sweetness of temper.

My Grandfather, not long after his coming to New England, purchased a farm there near Boston, and then married my Grandmother. Though they had but a small beginning, yet God so blessed them that they increased in substance, were both devout Quakers, and famous for their Christian charity and liberality to people of all persuasions in religion, who, to escape the stormy wind and tempest that raged horribly in England, flocked thither, as they vainly thought, for better security. But neither their bounty to strangers, nor their Christian charity to all sorts of people, nor the authority their Uncle bore, who as I told you before, was President of the college; neither these, nor any earthly power was sufficient to screen them from the outrage and violence of fiery Zealots of the Presbyterian party, who then had the leading power in their own hands. However, they escaped with their lives, though not without whippings, and imprisonments, and the loss of a great part of their worldly substance. But these, as their cruel persecutors assured them, were favors peculiar to them and some others; which, indeed, they themselves, could not but acknowledge, when, at the same time, they saw many of



## The Life of Ann Bolton

their no less innocent brethern slaughtered by these wolves in sheeps clothing. However, all this they did, as they pretended, for the good of their souls: and whilst these miscreants were, with fiercest fury, driving poor innocents into the utmost extremity, they, that is those monsters, were filling houses, and the corners of all the streets, with their long prayers, preachings, and noisy harangues in praise of the piety and goodness of their party. But enough of these hypocrites.

Both before and after these calamities which lasted many years, it might be justly said of my honored grandfather, that he kept strictly to the council of the wise man, in being diligent to know the state of his flocks, and looking well to his herds; for he considered that riches were not forever, and that the crown doth not endure to many generations. Proverbs: Chap 27, verses 23 & 24. As for my much honored Grandmother, I believe few, if any, merited more the character of a virtuous woman according as she is described by the wise man, in Proverbs: Chapter 31, Verses 10 to the end. There be yet living some worthy persons, who were well acquainted with her, and who can say, that, notwithstanding all the calamities that befell them from the tyranny of cruel persecutors, and other common accidents of life, she remained during her life, which was to the age



## The Life of Ann Bolton

of sixty, a crown to her husband, and the glory of him and his family, to the day of her death. As to her person, I well remember she was of middle stature, comly aspect, and something so graceful in her speech and behaviour, that, at all times, she commanded both love and awe. She was the wife only of one man. As she was in my Grandfathers lifetime, so she remained after his death, well reported of for her good works. She lodged strangers, she washed the Saints feet, she relieved the afflicted. Many diseased persons both poor and sick pressed themselves and children upon her in order for their cures, in which she was wonderfully skillful and successful; taking nothing for her great labor and pains therein. In short, she diligently followed every good work, remaining one of those to the day of her death, whom the Apostle styled widows indeed, Timothy, Chap. 5. Her name and memory yet remain as a perfume of precious ointment, while the name of the wicked doth not. But notwithstanding the indefatigable labour of this wise women to build up her house, that so it might remain beautiful to after ages, yet the foolish, at the same time, were incessantly laboring to pluck it down with their hands. Twelve children she brought into this world. Some of them died in their infancy; but the greatest part she nourished



## The Life of Ann Bolton

and brought up to the age of men and women. When my Grandfather was grown old, and a little reduced, though never to want, having a very large family, he thought proper to disperse them; and hearing a great character of Friends in this city of Philadelphia, with My Grandmother's consent, he sent four of the eldest, whilst the youngest remained at home. Their eldest daughter married Timothy Hanson<sup>d</sup> and settled on a plantation near Frankford. He was a religious Quaker, an honest man, of a sweet temper, and most in-offensive life and conversation. Their youngest daughter was married, much about the same time, to George Lownes<sup>e</sup> of Springfield, Chester Co., and the other remained single all the days of her life, of whom I shall speak more hereafter. As for my Mother, she had not been long in this place, when my Father Winlock Curtis<sup>f</sup> became acquainted with her and married her. He was born about the year of our Lord 1668. His father

---

<sup>d</sup> Timothy Hanson married Barbary Bowers.

<sup>e</sup> George Lownes and Mary Bowers declared their intentions of marriage at Chester monthly meeting, 5 mo. 28th and 6 mo. 25, 1701.

<sup>f</sup> Winlock Curtis, son of John and Elizabeth (Cabley) Curtis. Born 1668. Lost at sea before 1697 $\frac{1}{8}$ . Married Ann Bowers in 1689. She was born October 14, 1668. Buried December 11, 1723 $\frac{1}{4}$ .



## The Life of Ann Bolton

John Curtis<sup>7</sup> was possessed of great riches, which consisted, chiefly, in land and negroes, flocks, and herds in the county of Kent upon Delaware, in the Province of Pennsylvania. What I have written concerning him, and what I am going to write is, and shall be, as I have heard it many times repeated to sundry persons from my Mothers own mouth. Therefore, I make no question of the truth of her declaration; which pray take as follows. But now, methinks, I am secretly checked, from an observation of some generous minded persons, "not to speak ill of the dead." But again I consider it can be no breach of charity to give such persons their due character; for we behold the wise and generous Abigail addressing herself to David; and pleading with him, in the most moving terms, in behalf of herself; but instead of excusing her husband's churlishness, she justly exclaims against him; "as Nabal is his name, so is his nature, and folly is with him." As this is an instance upon word in our Holy Bible, it will, no doubt, so stand, whilst, the world stands, in condemnation of that brutish churl, and commendation of that worthy woman. So now I look upon myself sufficiently clear both of ill nature

---

<sup>7</sup> John Curtis. Born ———. Died April 30, 1698. Married Elizabeth Cabley. He married second Priscilla, widow of George Bowers, November 27, 1689.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

and injustice. Therefore, I shall now venture to proceed.

My Mother having married the eldest son of such a rich man, promised herself, at least, as much a worldly substance, as would support her in the manner she had been used to in her Fathers house, in the middle station of life. But 'Alas,' she soon found herself miserably disappointed. Her Father-in-law, being one of those misers who make Mammon their God, could not find it in his heart to part with but little to them. My Father, being a man of affable, and gay disposition, being but little used to business, except what his diversion created, and falling very early into company with those of his own stamp; in a short time ran himself miserably into debt, by extravagancies in his tavern expenses. He, in his necessities, applied to his Father, but met with no redress from him, and as little pity from pretended friends. In a short time he was clapped into prison. How long he remained there I am not certain; but think I have heard my Mother say, it was the best part of winter; and that when spring came on, she sold all those handsome necessities, her own Father had bestowed on her, when she left his house. She did not leave herself so much as bed, nor a spoon, but parted with all to pay his debts, and redeem him from prison. As



## The Life of Ann Bolton

soon as he was set at liberty, he went to sea,<sup>8</sup> and left my Mother to the care of the wide world, with me about two years,<sup>9</sup> and my brother about a year old.<sup>10\*</sup>

All these terrible disappointments and perplexities fell heavy on my Mother, so that they had like to have deprived her of life. But her time for death not being come, sickly and broken-hearted as she was, she went down with us, her two young infants, in order to try her fortune in the house of her rich father-in-law. As her views in this were dark and gloomy, so she found during her stay there, herself not disappointed; though it might indeed, have been reasonably expected, that neither she, nor her children, in the dismal circumstances they were in, would have wanted for a comfortable support, from such a rich relation. But, alas! he, that could not allow himself the common comforts of life, must be excused the expense of providing better for others. However, though my Mother met with a cold re-

---

<sup>8</sup> About 169<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>. Letters of administration were granted to his widow, Ann Curtis, February 11, 169<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub>.

<sup>9</sup> She was born November 15, 1690.

<sup>10</sup> He was born October 19, 1692.

\* Her brother's name was Jehu Curtis, who was born in the year 1692, and whose daughter after married Slater Clay, my grandfather, and the subject of this memoir, consequently my grandfather and grandmother were cousins.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

ception, yet she found no want of hominy, fat bacon, coarse bread, and drink, in plenty, such as the springs afforded, both winter and summer. I was exceeding sickly and weakly, which obliged my Mother to put me out to nurse. But my cruel nurse, having more regard to her own profit; than my life, neglected and starved me. My Mother removed me from one nurse to another, nearly twelve months, 'till my body was reduced to nothing but skin and bones, with the smallest spark of life. However, she then took me home, and nourished me with two spoonfuls of warm milk, giving it to me three or four times a day. Thus raised up, I lived, though, as she has since told me, she often wished me dead; which indeed was not to be wondered at, considering the extremity of her grief and sufferings. Besides, as she said, every days experience proved me more and more a fool, and that I seemed to be scarce endued with human passions. And thus, till I was more than five years old, seemed to have no love for anything, except clean clothes, nor no aversion except to what was dirty. Otherwise, I seemed to have neither love or hatred for anything, or any one person; and that I neither joyed nor sorrowed much; that I was scarce ever seen to laugh, and but seldom known to cry. However, I believe those passions were not so extinct in me as they



## The Life of Ann Bolton

at that time appeared; for most certainly, I met with but little to cause me to laugh; and I can well remember, that when I was but a very little creature, I always strove to stifle my sorrows, and wept secretly. However, as to what appeared, they were uncommon symptoms in a child, such as indeed might well\* be dreaded by a parent. I believe, Sir; our frequent conversations have sufficiently manifested to yourself, that such as I was then, such I have remained, even the very self-same creature, changed, in no degree, from what I was in my infant state; though I own, many bit- ters and sweets of life, have and do now attend me, which my nature was not at first capable of tasting, or being in the least sensible of. I shall only mention, at present, the pains and pleasures that attended a sincere friendship. The pain of being deprived of a friend, and the pleasure of their conversation, whether in speech, or by let- ters, affords such an infinite variety of delight, as can be communicated or received by none, but those who are capable of tasting the solid sweets of a sincere and everlasting friendship. Such di- vine entertainment can be compared to nothing so fitly, as to the blest society which Saints and Angels enjoy with God, our and their Creator; the glorious ever blessed, and sanctifying Spirit; with

---

\* Or create anxiety in the breast of a parent.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Jesus our only advocate, Mediator, and Redeemer; and the Spirits of just men made perfect. But the highest happiness of the dearest friend on earth, being short and momentary, makes alas! but a sort of painful pleasure, and even the very best of it, is but a faint resemblance of those blissful joys with which we shall be eternally crowned by our dear Master Christ, if we do but cheerfully and valiantly fight under his banner, against His and our mortal foes. Can anything on earth be too much to do, or too great to suffer, provided we may, at last, come off conquerors? No, surely; the crown that fadeth not away is a reward well worth contending for. Therefore, my dear Friend, let us follow on, not trusting in our own weak and feeble efforts, but laying hold on *Him*, who is alone our righteousness, and our strength; and who will, if we do not let go our hold, be our everlasting joy and salvation. To whose divine protection I commend you and myself, Your Friend.

ANN BOLTON.

---

DEAR SIR,

Dec. 20th, 1738.

I was yesterday carried out into a mere rapture, on the contemplation of the excellences of divine love and friendship. Though this is a



## The Life of Ann Bolton

subject, on which I would choose to dwell eternally, yet am obliged again to descend to what can afford no pleasure either in idea or relating.—I now go on with my Mother's account, which was, that my brother and I were fed to the full with mush, hominy, and such like "rarities"; and being but in our infant state, were as easy and well-contented as pigs in our Grandfather's sty. But, however, this way of living contented my brother and myself, it no way agreed with my Mother's mind and constitution; so she resolved, whatever hardships we might suffer in Philadelphia, to return thither again. But before we leave Maryland, I must acquaint you, that the wife of the house was but my Father's step-Mother; and though, undoubtedly, there are many good of that description, yet she was one of the worst, as I have many times heard my Mother say, for all these things, happened before my remembrance. I cannot, however, leave this part of my relation, without acquainting you with that, which came under my own knowledge some years after, and which I do well remember, that she, by an after marriage, was reduced to such want, that she often came to my Mother for a piece of bread, and a morsel of meat, which my Mother gave her liberally, and without grudging, and that too of the best that the house afforded in our prosperous



## The Life of Ann Bolton

circumstances, thereby fulfilling the command of Christ. "If thine enemy hunger feed him, and if he thirst give him drink!" Thus have I also, fed a poor old negro woman of theirs, named Rose, to whom they gave her freedom, because none of their family would accept her for a servant; for indeed she was past her labor, at least ten years before she died.

But to return.—My Mother, by the time she had got to Philadelphia was well inured to hardships, and hearing nothing, in all that time, of my Father; she, being well educated, and of a lively disposition, took no long time to consider what she had to do. Being encouraged by some substantial persons, and assisted by the charity of others, she kept a school in the city; which, with her industry at the needle, maintained herself and children comfortably, and handsomely, and with much more content of mind, as I have often heard her say, that she afterward enjoyed in more affluent circumstances. My mother, having no certain accounts of my Father, though he had been gone four years, married a second husband<sup>11</sup> named John Deacons. He owned a pretty estate in Barbadoes, which was his native place. He came to Philadelphia for his health, but growing

---

<sup>11</sup> About April, 1698.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

more sickly he died<sup>12</sup> in six weeks after marriage. A little before his death, he made his will, left my Mother sole executrix, and gave her his estate; excepting a legacy of twenty pounds, which he ordered to be paid me out of it. But a subtle knave being in possession, much money, trouble, and time were spent in recovering her rights. At last despairing of success, she gave up her right, and title for sixty pounds, which money she received. This, however, made no great change in her situation. About three years after she married<sup>13</sup> Mr. John Budd, Upholsterer, and shopkeeper in this city, who was born in Somersetshire in England. I cannot say I ever knew what love was, until my Mother married that gentleman. My own Father dying in my infancy, and first Father-in-law so soon after marriage, I knew not their temper. My brother being the idol of my Mother's heart, I could come in but for a small share of her love. But now I found in Mr. Budd not only a Father, but a friend and generous benefactor. He was tender of me, and

---

<sup>12</sup> May 15, 1698. Philadelphia wills, Book A, p. 405. Will dated March 9, 1698. Will proved May 20, 1698.

<sup>13</sup> About 1701. He was born February 22, 1647, son of Rev. Thomas Budd (Rector of Parish of Martock, Somersetshire, England, who in 1657 turned Quaker, was condemned therefore to Ilchester Jail and died there June 22, 1670), and Joanna Knight.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

screened me from my Mother's causeless anger, as often as lay in his power. Under his care, I enjoyed great ease and peace, and many considerable advantages of education, 'till I was past ten years old. But my Mother's Maiden sister,<sup>14</sup> observing my growing glory, cried out that I would be ruined with too much indulgence; nor did she rest until she got me from my kind Father.

I am now constrained to give you a short account of this aunt. Whilst my Mother was tossed about from post to pillar, soon after her marriage with my own Father; my Aunt learned to make mantuas, and became, in a short time, so complete a work woman, that she not only worked for, but pleased the best in the city: by which means she maintained herself genteely. Being crossed in love when about eighteen, she vowed chastity ever after. When I went to live with her, she was about thirty. Her continual industry had increased her substance, so that she bought a pretty house, and a small lot adjoining. These were no sooner purchased, than she laid out considerably in alterations, about her house, painting well the outside with her own hands, and the inside she really did beautifully, according to the custom, in those days, of fine painters. Her

---

<sup>14</sup> Bathsheba Bowers. Born June 4, 1671. Died 1718.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

house, thus completed, she neatly furnished; and then, of her small lot, made a most beautiful garden<sup>15</sup> with her own hands. She employed a workman to fence it in, and build her a summer house; and those she also painted. Her walks and alleys she gravelled; and to pull down my pride, as she said, made me help to carry in the gravel out of the street, upon a day when our greatest fair was kept. That usage struck me to the heart; but there I kept my sorrows, without uttering a word. The labors of her hands were crowned with that success in less than three years, that nothing but Eve in Paradise, before she fell, could bear any resemblance to her state. But alas! what are all the pleasures, delights, and glorys of this earth, but painted shadows. For in her very infancy (as I have heard my Grandmother had often declared with sorrow) pride, peevishness, and passion had taken such deep root in my aunt's breast, that no reproof, advice, or correction could drive them out, or work the least change in her. And thus, until the day of her death, those devouring worms lay eating out the substance of all her flourishing Gourds. So anyone may judge what a life I must necessarily have lived with one, who had never been anything

---

<sup>15</sup> Bathsheba's Bower. Mentioned by Watson in Annals of Philadelphia.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

but a torment to herself and everyone about her. She had several young women of the better sort (for she would take no others) to live with her; but they were soon scared away. I lived with her nearly three years, and, in all that time, she never afforded me one pleasant look, nor kind word, nor so much as a shilling for encouragement in all my labors; though I was lead by her like a dog in a string, doing everything she bade me with the greatest submission and readiness; nor did I ever disobey her commands, until one day she set me to carry wood out of the street into the cellar. The excessive heat of the sun beat upon my head, which produced in that and my heart an extreme pain and sickness. However, I kept carrying in her wood, until a kind opposite neighbor observing me with sorrow, sent her man to carry it; but my aunt sent him back, without suffering him to touch one stick. At last, as I was almost fainting under my burden, I laid it down with the resolution to go home and complain to my Father, who lived but half the length of the street from my aunt. My Father, according to his usual custom, took me in his arms, embraced me, placed me on his knee, and gave me a piece of money, sending, at the same time, his servant boy to carry the remainder of the wood. The boy had scarcely entered her



## The Life of Ann Bolton

house, when she flew to my Father's, and there railed against me, as long as she could open her mouth. However, as she and I were both in a house, in which we were well known, I had no need to speak one word, for my Father pleaded my cause sufficiently against her, so that she turned her fury upon him; but he disregarded it. I was then in hopes of a release, but my Mother, who had little tenderness for me, ordered me back to my cruel Keeper. Her contentions, as Solomon speaks of such, were a continual dropping. So at my return I met with the same treatment. As for her striking me with her hand or a weapon, it was against her religious principles. So I was sure of meeting with no other scourge, but that of her tongue; and that indeed would have driven a wise person mad. But I bore all her reproaches, like one stupid and dead with fear, not answering again; well knowing if I did, though my cause were ever so just, it would only be adding fuel to flame. She seemed to have but little regard for riches, but her thirst after knowledge being boundless, after she had finished her house and garden, and they were as beautiful as her hands could make them, or heart-wish; she retired in them, free from society, as if she had lived in a cave under the ground, or on the top of a high mountain. But as nothing ever satisfied



## The Life of Ann Bolton

her, so about one and a half miles distant, under Society Hill, she built a small house, close by the best spring of water perhaps, that was in our city. This house she furnished with books, a table, and a cup in which, she or any that visited her (but they were but few and seldom) drank of that spring. What name she gave her new house I know not, but some people gave it the name of Bathsheba's Bower. You must know her name was Bathsheba Bowers. Some, a little ill natured, called it Bathsheba's Folly. As for the spring, it has ever since born the name of Bathsheba's spring or well. Like Absalom, I suppose, she was willing to perpetuate her name, and being too strict a virtuoso could not expect that fame would favor her by any methods than such as were of her own raising and spreading. Those motives I suppose, lead her, about the same time, to write the history of her life, in which she freely declared her failings, and which was no sooner finished than was distributed about the world-gratis. Though I little regarded her book at that time, yet I have since often wished for one; but if a thousand pounds would purchase one of them it could scarcely be found; for I believe, one of them has not been seen in America these twenty years past. However, I know not that my account though short, may serve as well as hers that was



## The Life of Ann Bolton

longer. She was a Quaker by profession, but so wild in her notions, that it was hard to find out of what religion she really was. She read her bible much but, I think to no better purpose, than to obtain matter for dispute—in which she was always positive. She wrote many letters to Thomas Story, who, as it was said, was a learned man, and was then our head preacher. Some of her letters he answered, but growing, I suppose, weary of arguing he soon dropped the correspondence. However religious she was abroad, she took no more care to instruct me, than if I had been a brute creature. Never once did she set me to read a chapter in her bible or any other book; nor did she inquire or know whether I believed in a God or not. Nay; with so much care did she prevent my reading when alone, that she would not suffer a candle, to be lighted in her house if she was out of it. Sometimes I got candles at my Father's, but when she found one had been lighted in her absence, she would affirm that it was her own.\* But to supply the want of candle light, I used to pick up chips, make a blaze with them, then kneel upon the hearth, and almost burn my eyes out with reading by that poor light.

---

*\* Was this solicitude to prevent her niece from reading the offspring of malignity or jealousy? Perhaps the latter as my Great Grandmother at an early age showed "uncommon symptoms."*



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Now, Sir, I imagine you would be willing to know, what sort of study it was, that I was thus intent upon, and took so much pains to improve myself in. My Aunt, as I told you before, though very religious, was likewise very whimsical, and thus were her books suited to her humor. Tryon was one of her favorites, in which was represented the hideousness of our cannibal natures in eating flesh, fish, or anything that had life in it; the cruelty of caging or killing any bird. He represents birds as meeting together, and making their complaints to each other of the cruelty of man, in denying them a share in the great and common storehouse of Providence, namely, the fields, in which they plead their right, by creation, to be as just as that of man. Indeed, I do this day remain so much of a Tryoness, as to approve of that part of his treatise concerning tenderness to beasts, birds, and every living thing; for, as the Scripture saith, "The merciful man is merciful to his beast," and "Our Heavenly Father feeds the very sparrows!" But of all Tryon's followers, none, I believe, was so devoted to him as my Aunt. For twenty years before her death, she had abstained from tasting anything that had life in it. But I must now proceed to the account of her books. She had several, written by a female friend, filled with dreams and visions, and



## The Life of Ann Bolton

a thousand romantic notions of her seeing various sorts of beasts and bulls in the heavens. And this heroine "Don Quixote" like, was ever encountering and overcoming those horned monsters. But I should weary you, as well as myself, were I to tell you in what manner her closet, as well as her head, were filled with those romances. At the same time, a novel, a play, or romances though written by the most celebrated wits, would have been as great a defilement, as could possibly enter her house. Yet, however preposterous those antic themes do appear to me now, at that time they were highly diverting; and so they might well be to one of my age. But leaving these, I remember one, worth mentioning, which really fed and entertained my mind, and out of which I learned a great deal by heart with pleasure. It was written by that virtuous and pious lady Drinda. One verse I believe, I shall never forget, where she says:

"Love is the divinest thing on earth,  
And has from Heaven a most immediate birth."

I was then about twelve years old, and remember those two lines made an impression on my mind. I scarcely knew why. A book in verse entitled "A dialogue between the Soul and the Body"



## The Life of Ann Bolton

much affected me. At the same time I read Mr. Penn's "No Cross No Crown" from which I received as much benefit, as my tender years would admit, without one to guide me. Out of that book I learned by heart many useful verses. The following I shall give you because they have for many years been of great use to me.

"If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go  
Whilst bounteous God doth bread at  
home bestow,

If thou the goodness of thy clothes doth  
pride

By thy own use, and not by others eyes  
If thou without a sigh, or golden wish  
Canst look upon they beechen bowl or  
dish,

If in thy mind such power, and great-  
ness be,

The Persian King's a slave compared  
with thee."

I had a great sense of religion in my very infant days, delighting to learn verses by heart out of the book of Martyrs; which I remember I did with the greatest ease and quickness. My Mother had not failed giving my brother and myself (for we were all the children she ever had) necessary instructions in religion very early; so that we



## The Life of Ann Bolton

were both fearful of committing sin of any sort; and for my part, as I was best acquainted with my own mind, so I can say, I had early an earnest desire to love and serve God. When I thought I saw a good person, my very soul fell before him, almost to adoration. My Aunt was strong in the belief that she would never die; though this secret she revealed in plain terms, only to my Mother. So fixed was she in the opinion, that fate had decreed that she would never die, that some years after she removed to South Carolina, when the Indians, early one morning, surprised the place, killed and took prisoners several in the house adjoining hers, she moved not out of her bed, but when two men offered their assistance to carry her away, she said Providence would protect her; and indeed so it proved at that time; for those two men, no doubt by the direction of Providence, took her in her bed for she would not rise, conveyed her into their boat, and carried her away in safety, though the Indians pursued and shot after them. Her station in life and fortune, whilst I remained with her, and many years before, might have been deemed rich. She was so sparing that she scarcely allowed herself and me, the common supports of life; yet, at the same time, charitable to the poor, even to excess. She frequently laid money about the



## The Life of Ann Bolton

house, I believe to tempt me. Once she accused me of stealing, and took a world of pains to make her false and cruel surmises pass for truth in the minds of my dear Father-in-law and Mother; but all she said on that score against me availed nothing with them. Among her many cruel invectives she said, she had always seen the gallows in my face, and now she was confirmed in her belief, for now she saw my Father and Mother were bringing me up to be hanged. In short, these strokes, with what I daily felt from her, brought me, about the age of twelve almost to death's door; and then when she found I could be no longer servicable, she ordered me into the country to an Uncle and Aunt. By them I was beloved, so that I enjoyed solid ease and peace, which in a short time, brought me again to my health. As soon as recovered, my Aunt sent for me again, for she reigned so over all her brothers and sisters, that everyone obeyed her, though ever so much against their will. So I was returned to her again; but as soon as I entered her house, my heart sunk within me, and I soon relapsed into my former grief and sickness, and after some time, was sent again into the country, where my health soon returned, and I was again forced back to my cruel Aunt. Thus was I hurried from city to country, and from



## The Life of Ann Bolton

country to city 'till about the age of thirteen, when I was called home by the death of my dear Father-in-law.<sup>16</sup> But I cannot leave this tragical part of my life without first acquainting you, that I certainly reaped many advantages with her, which I should have missed had I been kept always with my indulgent and kind Father-in-law; first taking along with me Solomon's observation, that most men will proclaim; everyone his own goodness, but a faithful man; who can find? But as faithfulness in my relation is the mark I keep in view, and do incessantly beseech God so to direct my mind, that my pen nor tongue may never swerve from truth; not doubting but that God hears and grants me my petition; I shall therefore, venture to proceed. Many advantages I say I reaped with her, for though I was under no apprehension of her prophecies concerning me coming to pass, yet they were then and afterwards of service in keeping me upon my guard against the least appearance of evil. Her contemptuous treatment, and unjust reproaches taught me, at that time and many times since, to bear the same from others with silence, though I can-

---

<sup>16</sup> John Budd. Born February 22, 1647. Buried September 18, 1704. Married 1st, London, Friends' Meeting, Mary Barton. Married 2nd, 1701, Ann (Curtis) Deacons (née Bowers).



## The Life of Ann Bolton

not boast of that meekness of spirit I have wished for: no, perhaps, the greatest uproars within, have been raised in the midst of a calm without. Her keeping me too close to my needle, and the affairs of her house, her crossing me in every innocent and necessary gratification of eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing and going abroad, or so much as the pleasure of one single companion to come into her house to see or speak with me; though all these were really fatigues quite insupportable by one so young, yet since, through the various scenes of my life, I have found them all of use to me. Though I never wronged her of a penny, yet some former fraud had often stared me in the face. I remembered, when I was about six or seven years old, I stole from my playmate the foot of a glass; though but a broken thing, I questioned, whether the wedge of gold appeared more tempting to Achan, than that bit of glass to me. Though I robbed my little companion very slyly, yet, so restless was my spirit, for fear of its being found with me, that I pounded it to dust, and scattered that upon the ground. My second temptation was about two years after. Some leaden pennies lay upon a loose shelf in our shop, and being cried down, nobody took them but one woman for ginger bread. I had many inward struggles before I could venture upon one; but



## The Life of Ann Bolton

at last I took two, with the determination never to take another one; but my temptation daily proving too strong, and the relish of the cakes being exceedingly sweet to my taste, something like the apple, I imagine, with which our Mother Eve was tempted, I bought a cake every day 'till every penny was gone. Meanwhile the devil quieted my conscience with telling me they were good for nothing, being not locked up. However I suffered severely in my mind for many years after, though my theft was never discovered. Not long after, a playmate of mine, whom I dearly loved above all others, showed me a piece of bad silver, telling me she would go at night to an old woman's shop, and buy some nuts and apples, and get her to change it. And how, says I, if she should scruple to take it. Why, if she should says my young companion, do you take it into your hands, and look at it, and say it is good; but that, I said, would be telling a lie, poh! said she, one lie wont choke you. To be short, she passed away her bad money, without my telling any lie; yet, she repented, and was as much ashamed of my being privy to that fraud as a poor pentinent thief is when he is found stealing. The thought of being seen by an all seeing and all knowing God, filled me with horror and confusion, not only then but many years after. By what follows, you will



## The Life of Ann Bolton

see I cheerfully parted with my money on proper occasions. I was about twelve, when my Mother had asked me if I had any money, to give away to a poor woman. My all, being then about five shillings, I freely gave it, rejoicing in my heart at the opportunity. My Mother, however, accepted the will for the deed, and would not take my money, but visited and relieved her bountifully herself, for she was truly an object of compassion. My Mother's liberality to poor people ever rejoiced me, and being sent by her on such errands, gave me great pleasure. But before I proceed further, you will, I imagine, be desirous to know how I got clear from my aunt. Indeed my Mother forced me from her, which occasioned such a difference between them that I, with pleasure, plainly saw she would be now forever banished our house. And so it proved. She, that allowed me no rest whilst I was with her, knew none herself after I left her. Some spirit, whether human or infernal, I know not, whispered that her title to her estate was not clear. This notion, whether false or true, drove her into mere madness. She never had ceased tormenting the person who sold it; thundering out her anathemas against the man and his whole family; and because she could have no redress, at least not such as she demanded, pronounced woes and destruction to the whole city;



## The Life of Ann Bolton

and looking for some plague, pestilence, or fire, speedily to consume it, sold her estate at an under rate, and flew for refuge into the country about twelve miles distant to another sister, who was married there and well settled.

Thus far you have an account of the progress of my Mother and two sisters, whose parents' declining circumstances obliged them to commit these children to the care of Providence; by whose watchful care and bounty, they were plentifully provided for, to the end of their days. But as many people are their own, as well as the tormentors of others, so it proved with my unhappy Aunt, who soon raised storms and tempests in her Brother-in-law's and sister's house in the country, as terrible as those in the city. I think she stayed with them three years, and out of a rough piece of ground completed, with her own hands, a large and most beautiful garden, and summer house, much like that she had made in Philadelphia. But in the height of its perfection she left it as she had done her former. Her next retreat was to the house of a near neighbor, who with his wife and family, were held in great reputation, by all who knew them, for their circumspection, moderation, and prudence; but finding she could not keep her temper within bounds in their house, no more than she used to do, he desired she would



## The Life of Ann Bolton

build in what part of the land she pleased. (*What immediately follows, being torn out, must be omitted.*) She fled to South Carolina, after a short stay there she returned to Philadelphia, and then again went back to Carolina, and died there, about the forty-sixth year of her age, in the year of our Lord 1718. As to her person; she was of middle stature, beautiful as I have heard said, when she was a young woman, and would have been agreeable enough in her middle age but for a certain heavy gloom that ever hung upon her brow. Her pleasant humors, for such they say she had, were mingled with much variety of agreeable wit and conversation. She was affable, ingenuous, and free, but subtle and keen in her satires, especially on her own sex, scarcely looking upon one of them as worthy of her conversation. Man, she despised, because, as she said, he claimed an unjust prerogative over woman. Eating flesh she held as great a crime as offering things sacrifice to idols, and marriage she held in detestation, almost equal to committing adultery. Undoubtedly, she lived not that restless life without many severe combats with the devil as well as herself. I have known her to retire many hours, and have heard her, in bitter pangs of mind, roaring for the disquietness of her heart; and I have heard my



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Mother say (for she spoke her mind to none but her) that she had known her in those agonies whole nights. Our Blessed Lord saith, on another occasion, though I think parallel to this, "that this kind goes not out but by prayer and fasting," and I believe she often vehemently prayed, though never fasted. If she ever thought fasting a duty, it is probable she would account her abstemious life a sufficient exemption from that duty. Had she, however, fought against her corruptions, fasting and prayer, without doubt would have conquered her strong adversaries, the devil and the flesh. (*The story is here interrupted.*)

If God should bless you with children, take care to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and take care also that you provoke not your children to wrath less they be discouraged. Too much lenity may prove their ruin, but too much severity is apt to breed in spirits, though ever so meek and gentle, such turbulence and forwardness as is hard to be conquered afterwards. This is what I have found by experience, so I urge my cautions with the greater strength, and hope they may be attended to.

I come now to speak of my return to my Mother occasioned, as I said before, by the death of my Father-in-law. His death indeed I much lamented, for in him I lost a tender friend and



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Father. (*Some beautiful reflections on death are here torn out.*)

One night, as my Mothers maid and I lay talking of the sudden death of a certain gentleman, a light suddenly shown all over our room, at which we started, and each sat up in the bed. We both heard my Father walking in a passage near his own room, where my Mother and himself had been in bed above an hour. I instantly imagined some angry words had passed between them, and that he was going to the tavern. I, with great earnestness, told my thoughts to our maid and said I would put on my petticoat and gown, and go to him, and persuade him to go to bed again; for when he was displeased, no mortal could pacify him and persuade him to be still, but myself; nor did I scarcely ever fail to soften him when occasion served, though he were ever so angry. Whilst I was putting on my clothes with full resolution of going to him, the maid began to be surprized, and begged me not to go, all that time hearing his footsteps walking backward and forward. Her fears daunted me, so that I stayed, and after some time, heard him go into a room opposite his own, out of which he was buried. The light immediately went out. I was then not much surprized, but concluded as before, that they had differed, and that he had gone to sleep



## The Life of Ann Bolton

in that room. In the morning I mentioned to my Mother my resolution of getting up, when I heard my Father walking, for that I feared he was going out about twelve. My Mother said that they had been then more than an hour in bed and asleep, and that he had not gotten out of his bed until morning. My Father came into our parlor as we were talking, and I told him my night concern and surprize, at which he seemed thoughtful and said, "it is a forerunner of my death," and so it proved, for in the same year he died, about the age of fifty. He was a tall, comly person, had a fair skin, and even in old age was beautiful. He was exceeding clean in his apparel, and wore what was fine and plain. As was his dress so was his house and table. He was very curious and nice in everything, and yet, I think, no more than was needful. The endowments of his mind, his learning, and capacity were inferior to few.

My Father being dead, my Mother wanted my assistance in her shop; but finding me there of little service until I had learned writing and arithmetic, I was sent forth to school to Mr. Richard Warder, who was a strict Quaker and of an excellent temper. In his school I never enjoyed more pleasure, nor profited so much as to learning, which was often confirmed by my Masters character of me, whilst I stayed and after I left him.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Being now fourteen, I was fixed in my Mother's shop, an employment well suited to my genius and inclination, but in which I ever delighted, and should be to this day had things succeeded, and had I had health to attend to it. But as it is my account in early youth I would relate, so must return to that.

The grief for my Father-in-law's death, though it stuck by me a long time, was in some degree assuaged by the friendship of a gentleman about the same age, and, I believe, but little different in education, humor and affection, though very greatly in their constitutions; for I never knew my Father have a days sickness until death seized him; whereas this gentleman was almost half his time confined to his chamber with the gout, rheumatism, and many other disorders, yet so patient under them, that he was seldom heard to complain, or known to be out of humor with even those that attended him in his sickness. After he had lodged some time at my Mother's, he removed to his brother's, opposite to our house. His brother was Master of a ship. He had a son called William after himself; but both brother and son were as different from himself as light is to darkness. This made him request a favor of my Mother, as he termed it, to spare me as often as she could to read to him in his confinement; which my Mother,



## The Life of Ann Bolton

to my great satisfaction, readily granted. By profession he was a Presbyterian. To the best of my remembrance, Baxters and Flavells works were the first that he laid before me. I read them with profit and satisfaction, because I believed that they were good men. Spending my leisure hours in this delightful manner, I snatched every little vacancy to run over to my kind tutor, which made some people say the good old gentleman was craftily working a match for his son, which being told him he answered; "my son is not worthy of her, my son should not marry her if she would even consent to it, this child" added he, "has more sense in her little finger, than my son has in his whole body, though he has wanted for no advantages of education." Those words, my friend uttered with great vehemcy in my hearing; at which I simply and silently wondered. The good gentleman recovering a little health, returned to our house; by which means I was soon after brought acquainted with a most virtuous, pious, and agreeable lady, named Christian DuCassel. She was about twice my age, and grew fond of me. Nothing in the world was half so dear to me as herself. From a resemblance of souls our friendship for each other became firmly bound to the day of her death (which was about ten years after) and which, I do firmly believe, will be as



## The Life of Ann Bolton

durable as eternity. I always received many delightful sweets from the conversation of that well accomplished woman. With regret, my Mother saw her rival, for she knew I loved her, yet could not hinder my running to see her, without many inconveniences to herself, which prudence taught her to avoid. My Mother and friend grew intimate, and, about the same time, they became more and more wavering in their principles of Quakerism. This gave me a real concern, for I thought their objections against the principles of that religion were very weak; though in all other things thought they were wise women. Their dissenting from the Quakers brought many of the heads and chief members of Dissenters, as well as Quakers, Presbyterians and Baptists, to each of their houses; so that, I believe, a day scarcely passed for two years successively without religious disputes to which I listened attentively, spoke little, and thought their arguments against the Quakers very weak and so little to the purpose, as rather than remove, to fix me more strongly in my belief. After long and strong disputations on every side, my Mother and Friend inclined to the Baptists. This brought crowds of them to each of their houses, where nothing seemed to be thought or talked of but religion. I, that had been from six years old fond of religion, and religious per-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

sons, became now, methought, in love with the beauty of Holiness in these persons, and infinitely delighted with the discourses of those religious Baptists. But their intimacy, as well as numbers increasing, in less than two years I discerned, that however those people caressed those whom they called Brethern and Sisters in Christ, yet when a notable advantage offered, it failed not to sting them deep. I also observed them exceedingly subtle in hiding their rancour and malice. Thus as my love for religion increased, so did my reason and knowledge; and though I had looked upon these Baptists and Presbyterians as Saints, and was even ready to adore them as such; yet I found, upon an impartial survey, that, though their words and behaviour were gilded over with specious shows of friendship built upon holiness and sanctity, they were ever privately biting and devouring one another. In short, I observed that those who made the most glaring appearances, were in reality the least observers of religion, and those who appeared greatest Saints proved greatest Devils. But I was happy in being only a Spectator and never concerned in their broils. In all this time, I constantly attended, as I used to do, Quaker Meetings; which filled the Quakers with great expectations of my becoming, In a few years, one of their most substantial pillars. As for myself, I can



## The Life of Ann Bolton

truly say, I was lowly in my own eyes, and thought little of those things at that time.

Everything worked together to increase my value for my female friend; for I found her of a stamp quite different from any that I had observed of all the various tribes of high pretenders to holiness. After many years halting between two opinions, my Mother and Friend joined in strict communion with the Baptists; and the better to accomplish their desires in making me a Proselyte to that profession, countenanced the inclinations of a young Gentleman who was a Baptist; and though I was not fifteen, were all in earnest to hurry up a marriage. He was the only son of a rich old Gentleman in the country. Tho' my Mother was not rich, yet was she diligently improving what my Father-in-law had left her, which was about five hundred pounds, entirely clear of encumbrance. My Brother being an apprentice, my Mothers family was supported at a small expense; so that by a moderate computation, she laid up not less than a hundred a year for ten years successively after my Father-in-law's death. I assisted her in the care of the house and shop with the utmost diligence and attention; not presuming to venture out of either, without asking and obtaining her leave and consent. In short, I was under the same subjection to her, and dread



## The Life of Ann Bolton

of offending her, as I had been with my maiden Aunt. Notwithstanding the inexpressible difficulty, I found in obliging my Mother my labour was much sweetened by the delight I took in attending and keeping her shop and books in as regular order as was possible, for one of my years and experience. My pleasure was enhanced by another circumstance. My Father-in-law Mr. Budd, in his will had left me five pounds, which I requested my Mother to permit me to lay out in such goods as might turn out to advantage. To this my mother seemed to consent readily. I laid out my money, made a book, and kept my separate accounts, and in sixteen months the amount was nearly seventeen pounds; upon which my Mother told me, since I was so successful, I should now lay out my money in some of the worst and most unsaleable goods in her shop. The proposal a little daunted and discouraged, me, but finding I must take the bad with the good, I cheerfully complied, and soon after sold them to such advantage, that my stock advanced to thirty pounds. I thought now that my Mother would have been pleased but, on the contrary, she was displeased; and when I offered to lay my money out in any thing she should think proper, she positively told me I should trade no more, for if I went on thus, in a few years, I would own all the goods in the



## The Life of Ann Bolton

shop. I was startled and grieved at her expressions, and bringing my book, begged she would examine it, and see that my accounts were fair and honest to a farthing. She said, she knew that, but I should have no more on my own stock, whilst I lived with her. This disappointment inwardly perplexed me, but I kept my complaints in that, as in all other things, to myself. These, and many other things, were not so secretly carried on, but that my friend Captain L. who, as I told you before, lodged in the house, observed them all, though unknown to me. That gentleman not long after, went to Barbadoes, and from thence wrote me a long letter, in which he enclosed me a New England shilling, because, as he said at the conclusion of the letter, the palm tree on one side, was a true representation of myself, which, the more it was oppressed, the more it would thrive. My Mother read this letter, what she thought of it I know not; but at his return, I observed, she did not look upon him as formerly. For my part, nothing was more comforting to me, and greatly endeared to me the good old gentleman ever after.

Now again I am led to acquaint you how the courtship of the young gentleman I mentioned before, was continued. Every side appeared pleased in making up that marriage, but myself. I sup-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

pose my Female friend had informed him that I was a lover of the Scriptures, for he used to tease me with doubtful passages, wanting to know my opinion, and declaring to me his judgment of such. Religion, in my female friend, discovered its beauties in a most becoming dress, whilst in some others I thought it was hideous and frightful; and thus it appeared in that young gentleman. He was commonly reported a person of wit, learning, and good understanding. Such a character led me with more attention to observe the man, and made me more willing to hear his instructions, imputing his deficiency in the art of pleasing to my own stupidity. Thus, for a month or two we conversed; but when he began to relate the story of his love, I trembled; and when he would draw an answer from me, I was so afraid of speaking nonsense, that I could not utter one word. I, that had been all my life before, kept (*A leaf being torn out, the narrative is interrupted.*)

Before I entered the relation promised in my last, I am led to mention again the care of my Tutor and friend Captain Wm. Locks, to whose attention I was much beholden for my early instructions in the Christian Religion. Baxter, Flavell, and some other Presbyterian authors, he brought me chiefly acquainted with; yet he was



## The Life of Ann Bolton

one of those, who would not tie down young persons wholly to the reading of religious books, but about the age of fifteen he lent me "Argolus and Parthenia." With great delight I read it, got much by heart, and in short, grew so fond of it, that when demanded by the owner, I denied that I knew anything of it. Though this untruth was ever hid from mortal sight, yet it cost me many tears, many years sorrows, and bitter repentance. Seeing then no evil in reading such books, I borrowed not long after, Pembroke's "Arcadia," and the orchard being large, and its fruit exceeding delightful to my taste, I lay a long time merely buried in it. I have been told that, when Francis Quails was writing secretly "Argolus and Parthenia," he was courting Bishop Usher's daughter, who was a lady of great piety. As soon as the book appeared in print, the good Bishop was exceedingly offended at it, and forbade him all further conversation with his daughter. Upon his severity I shall not pretend to descant, for, without doubt, that pious and holy prelate saw further than I can. I have thought proper to give you thus much of my early taste for books, and my fondness for such as could not be profitable; though I believe that there are few young people so happy as to spend their youth entirely free from vanity. Happy, yea blessed be that



## The Life of Ann Bolton

time, when God caused me to see and feel such studies not only wearisome to the flesh, but terminating in vanity and vexation of spirit.

Sir,—I come now to enter upon my story.

In the year 1706—A gentleman about the age of twenty six came to lodge at the house of my forementioned female friend Mrs. Christian Du Cassel. His conversation, person, and behaviour showed the gentleman in every part. He was tall, his dress a plain suit of fine light gray broadcloth, in which he was exceedingly neat and genteel. In short, he was throughout a graceful and handsome person. My Mother as well as my Friend soon became pleased with the appearance and conversation of this agreeable gentleman, by which you may believe he could not be wholly disagreeable to me. He had not stayed in my Friend's house many weeks, when he owned to her that he was deeply in love with me, that he had labored hard against it, not having any design to marry, but that he found it in vain to strive any longer against the stream of his desires. She attentively listened to all he said and encouraged him to proceed. Though he was seldom at a loss to express himself on any subject, yet having been all his life before a stranger to love, he said it was a topic of discourse in which he was very deficient.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Being, however, no longer able to endure silence, he wrote and sent me a letter, which with the greatest ease and indifference I read, without so much as a thought as returning an answer. As I could however, with more ease and fewer blushes face a letter than a man, so I thought I liked his manner of address better than that of my former humble servant. I continued my visits, as usual, to my female friend; for indeed my love to her was too deeply rooted to endure even a short separation; by which means Mr. Wm. Breton, for that was his name had frequent opportunities of conversing with me in company with my friend; but, as he afterwards acknowledged, was too deeply in love to be able to express himself to me on that subject. And I, imagining his letter, was only words of course conversed with him with all imaginable ease and freedom. But being unable to endure silence any longer, he discovered his inclinations to my Mother, and told her withal, that he was blessed with no more fortune than a liberal education. My Mother, without reserve or hesitation, gave him the liberty of her house. He, who was of an obliging affable disposition, owned the utmost gratitude due to her for such unexpected favors. Observing my Mother intended him for my Husband, and having myself no dislike to him, I endeavoured, at all opportuni-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

ties, according to the best of my weak power to persuade him to the love and practice of religion. Accordingly, one Sunday morning I wrote him a religious letter, and with that I sent him a small neat bible, as a present, requesting him in my letter to make that book his study, and assuring him that those treasures therein contained, were of far greater value than the highest human learning could possibly be, or even the riches of the Universe. I have much reason to believe, by his answer to this letter and Present, that his affections were by these means kindled to the highest degree that human nature is capable of, and that from that time, as he used to say, he looked upon me as his guardian angel, appointed by heaven to direct him in his present as well as his future happiness. But alas! his triumph lasted not long; for when we had conversed almost a year, and I was about sixteen, he mentioned our marriage to my Mother, to which she objected I was too young, and that she could not spare me yet. But, not long after, he insisting upon having his happiness completed, being tired out as he said with frivolous excuses, my Mother, in an angry manner, answered if he was so hasty she would give me no fortune. He told her he was easy as to that, and desired only to take me as he saw me. I must own our long conversation had so



## The Life of Ann Bolton

far wrought on my mind, that I found myself more in love with him than I thought I could possibly have been with any person. But my Mother, instead of consenting to our marriage on any terms, took occasion to unbraid him with many idle and groundless reports not worth mentioning, and forbade him her house. At this treatment, as anyone may well believe, he was astonished and thunderstruck, pleading his innocence in reply to her insignificant charges, as he called them. But her commands were peremptory, so not to be disputed. Mr. Breton, knowing her temper and fearing the effects of her anger might fall heavily upon me, withdrew in hopes that time might work a change upon her mind. But now, my Mother forbade me visiting my friend, lest I should meet with him there. You, my dear Friend, may be sure these were heavy strokes on every side; but as much heavier succeeded in their room, so I shall forbear saying any more concerning them at this time, only that we held our private correspondance by letters, which served to banish every fear from his mind on my account.

In all this time I continued immovable in my Quaker principles; and these unannounceable perplexities led me to be very thoughtful. I had a sincere desire to tread right paths and be-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

lieving submission to my Mother was one main step, from which if I swerved in the least, I should inevitably hale God's curse upon me, I resolved to submit to her will as I had ever before done, however unnatural it appeared to me. Many of the chief Quakers as I before said, were filled with great expectations concerning me, and set me as a pattern, not only for their youth but even for their very aged to copy after; though sure I am, it was not from any formality either in my speech or behaviour; for in these, though reserved, yet was I then, as I have been ever since, easy and free. I often visited my Quaker friends, the pious, agreeable, and ingenuous Mrs. Mary Stanbury; nor did she often let me leave her without laying before me some examples of heroic piety out of the book of Martyrs in which she read much herself. I have often since wondered that my Friend, being so strict a Quaker, and having George Fox's journal generally lying on the same table with the book of Martyrs, did not open the journal in preference to the other; but I know not that she once asked me to read a line in it. Being a wise woman, she had undoubtedly good reasons for what she did, and I shall praise God for the friendship she bore me and the benefit I received from her conversation, as long as I live. Lest you should think, dear



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Sir, from what I have said, that she was but lukewarm in her profession, I do assure you she was a constant attender of their weekly, monthly, quarterly and yearly meetings; and for a long time evening meetings of friends were kept at her house, Edward Shippen's<sup>17</sup> and Anthony-M's where I usually gave my attendance. It is probable this last mentioned gentleman, who was a rich man and one of their great preachers, seeing my Mother's instability and my constancy in my profession, was induced to design, as he told a friend, his son James for my husband; of which I was informed by the same friend. I suppose some such high expectations were the cause of my Mother's treating Mr. Breton as she did. But this made no difference with me for we continued our private correspondence by letters, and now and then stole some private conversations together; supporting each other in the hope that time would work all things in our favor.

About this time, my Mother went to visit her brother, who was sick in New England near Boston, and left me and the maid about my own age, with the care of her whole house and shop.

---

<sup>17</sup> Edward Shippen, son of William Shippen and Mary Nunes. Baptized March 5, 1639, Yorkshire, England. Married January, 1671, Elizabeth Lybrand; second, Rebecca Richardson; third, Esther James. First Mayor of Philadelphia, 1701½. Died October 2, 1712.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

How she thought of leaving one so young I know not; before her departure, however, she took care to lay her commands upon me not to entertain Mr. Breton, and called me to make such promises as I suppose, she thought I could not possibly break. At my Mother's departure Mr. Breton visited me. I then, indeed, dreaded the sight of him. No human pen can describe his sorrow, as I afterwards saw by his letters and lingering sickness, when I told him I had promised my Mother not to entertain him in her absence, I laid before him the dismal consequences that would attend us both, should I break my promise. He urged my marrying him without my Mother's consent. In short, he spared neither prayers nor tears; yet nothing could avail. I told him should I break the obligation with which I had bound myself to my Mother, we would both become objects of her contempt, which, without doubt, would end in the ruin of us both. I considered with myself, that this world was not a place in which I must expect much happiness, therefore, fix my resolutions to seek it in a better. Two years before, I had spent most of my private hours in reading novels and romances, and so greedy was I in the unprofitable study, that it frequently kept me awake whole nights, except that forgetting myself I would doze now and then, and waking again con-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

tinue my reading. I was indeed curious in my choice of books, nor could I relish any reading but such as represented virtue conquering vice, though it were through a train of misfortunes. The Sunday, at last, became tedious to me, because I could not with a safe conscience read those books on that day. But now blessed be God, good began to spring out of this great evil, and light began to chase away those mists that had long clouded my inward sight; and then I began to look with shame and regret within myself for having misspent so much of my precious time in such trifling amusements, as have nothing in them but outside show, and at best were but mere shells of virtue. I had gone on as I said before, combining in my reading sacred with profane authors, gathering, as I thought honey from every flower. But now when the business of each day was ended, and night gave leisure for other employment, I was incessantly laboring in secret after truth. Convinced there was more in religion than bare speculation and pretense, I earnestly desired to find out that path in which there is safety; for I began to think I had been all my life going astray.

About this time it pleased God to add to me another female friend (at least I thought her so) named Mrs. Mary A...n. Her husbands busi-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

ness often called him into Virginia, and she being alone requested me for her bedfellow. I observed, morning and evening she diligently read the Holy Scriptures, and at other seasons that she spent much of her time in reading religious books. This made me believe she was a good woman, though a strict Presbyterian; and so I believed of Mrs. Mary Stanbury who, as I told you before was a rigid Quaker; and my friend Mrs. Christian DuCastle, who had lately turned to the Baptists from the Quakers. I thought piety appeared equally amiable in these three ladies, and no less so in my much honored Grandmother, who, though she had been a Quaker I verily believed to be in Heaven. Therefore, I thought, why should I seek any other way to get thither, than that which so good a woman had pointed out to me. This was my manner of reasoning from day to day. I diligently read my bible, but was yet at a loss; for having none to guide me, methought I did not understand it, and to whom to apply to for instruction; for each seemed to bring from thence weighty proofs to confirm their assertions, however widely different they were.

Happening about this time to turn over a parcel of old neglected books in search for truth, I accidentally, as I then thought, opened "The Whole Duty of Man" at which my heart leaped for



## The Life of Ann Bolton

joy, though I knew not why, for I knew not that I had ever read a line in the book, in my life before. But now I proposed to read it with attention. This book and my bible became my study and delight; which by turns I constantly read and meditated day and night. Dear Sir, I shall say no more at present concerning my progress in wisdom's ways having, when I was in Maryland, as you may well remember, showed you an account of God's dealing with my soul, in about three sheets written when I was about the age of seventeen. They were written in great innocence and integrity, free from every design but my own satisfaction and consolation in Christ. I have never shown them to any person living but yourself, for as I thought then so I think now, that secret communications between Christ and the soul are not to be laid open in common to vulgar sight, no more than the Holy of Holies was to be gazed into by the common people. Saint Paul indeed speaks freely of the manner of his conversion, for it was public nor could it be concealed. Besides there is a great difference between public ministers of God's word and private persons, who have no need to blaze about God's peculiar favors any other wise than by letting their light so shine before men, that they, seeing their good works might be lead thereby to



## The Life of Ann Bolton

glorify their Father who is in Heaven. This is indeed what I have labored for from that time to this, according to the power which God has given me. Sometimes being strong in the Lord and in the power of his might; and other times weak, wavering, fainting, and almost swallowed up in manifold infirmities. And God knows never was I worse than these two years past. The most sharp and terrible conflict of my whole life being about a year ago. I thought then Satan with all his hellish tribe would have swallowed me up. I lay five hours speechless and almost breathless, yet every sense of pain, sorrow, sickness, and anguish of mind and body seemed to be tenfold more acute and piercing than ever. This is indeed a scene that I can never look on but with horror. Yet God graciously delivered my soul at that time; and many times since out of difficulties which have been almost as terrible. But as it is the story of my life, I am relating to you, so I would not, my Dear Friend, dwell on these dismal scenes, but only touch on them as they come in my way, in the course of my writing. But now to return.

In that Blessed Book, "The Whole Duty of Man," I observed God's Covenant with man both before and after his fall. Until I read that book, I was as much a stranger to any such Covenant,



## The Life of Ann Bolton

or to the fall of Adam, as a Brute beast is ignorant of the God who made him and gave him life and being. I saw then with astonishment the wranglings and disputings of our dissenting Brethern. While they affirmed that faith alone was the only sure and certain way to Heaven, and denounced all who looked for salvation in any other way. I observed that many of them were wallowing in every vice. I must own, these wranglings and disputings (for they were not mean persons that carried them on) confused me much for some time, as each seemed to bring proof from Scripture to support their assertions. But upon a more diligent search into the doctrines of my forementioned book and comparing them with my bible, methought, I clearly saw that Heaven would be the undoubted reward of a true faith and well spent life; and that, though our best works cannot justify us in the sight of God being as Saint Paul saith, "but as filthy rags," yet according to the language of the whole Testament as well as my book, I found Faith without works was accounted as dead in sight of God, as the body without the soul. This one arguement appeared to me as convincing as ten thousand. And observing these were the doctrines of the Church of England fixed upon Christ's gospel, so here my weary soul after a long search was fixed, and



## The Life of Ann Bolton

never varied. Thus, I took a private and silent leave of my dissenting Brethern, acquainting only one Gentlewoman, who was our deceased Governor's daughter and lived in our house, of my design of going to church. Her name was Anne Brown. She was a zealous and religious Church Woman, and of pretty good understanding. When I told her my intention she embraced me seemingly in her heart, and took me with her the Sunday following into her Father's pew, and there placed me bidding me welcome, and desiring that I would in the future make that seat my own; which I did then and for many years after. Whilst my dissenting Brethern were embroiled in endless disputes, here I trod the Christian road with love and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, daily striving to abound in the work of the Lord.

Lest what I shewed you, written by me at the age of seventeen should have slipped your memory, I intend to give it you in this Book, to which I refer you for a more particular account of my conversion to Christ. But before I leave this part of my narrative, I must relate to you my weakness. When Sunday came my resolution of going to Church failed me. It would fill many sheets to tell you the arguments pro and con that were carried on at that time between the



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Divine Spirit within me, and the world, the flesh, and the Devil without. But at last, I thought I could cheerfully serve God in that way, could I but go in secret, and there hide myself in some secret corner. But to be gazed on by a multitude in one of the most public seats in the church was what I could not endure. So I fixed my resolution not to go, which was no sooner done, than in comes my new friend Mrs. Anne Brown, just at the ringing of the last Bell, surprized to find me in bed. She said, she expected to have found me ready to go, according to my promise. I pleaded sickness, for indeed the toil of my mind had made me really sick at heart; but no excuse would avail. So up I got, hurried on my clothes, with little regard to dress at that time, and in a trembling manner to Church I went, with a mind so confused that I had little satisfaction for that day. So before the next Sunday I became a little better fortified by reading, Prayer, and Meditation; to which exercises when the business of each day was over, I gave myself up to thinking deeply on those words, "He that layeth his hand to the plow and looketh back is not worthy of the Kingdom of Heaven."

Thus I became at that time married to Christ; and merely dead to all other love, interest or riches but what was centered in my union with Jesus.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Upon this change of my Religion, I was robbed of my companion Mrs. Mary Richards who, as I told you formerly, was about my own age. She was a Lady whom I dearly loved almost from my infancy. Many years successively we had been bedfellows and were so at this time. But notwithstanding our intimacy, she was as much a stranger to my intentions of leaving the Quakers, as if she lived in Rome. Now, however, she told me, seemingly in more anger than grief, than her cousin Stanbury would not suffer her to sleep or converse with me any more. My answer to her had more in it of grief than anger; however, in the conclusion, I told her; she and her friends must use their pleasure. As my Mother was returning from New England, she found the country, as she came along, in an uproar. Whole showers of evil prognostications of my downfall were poured out. She found the city likewise with open mouth proclaiming sudden destruction to me. In short, my Mother, my nearest relations and friends united with others in showering down their bitterest reproaches upon me. The most simple amongst them said my plain dress did not suit my proud heart. But God upheld me and my conduct disappointed every ill-grounded and malicious expectation. And to let them see my plain dress was no mortification, but rather a



## The Life of Ann Bolton

pleasure to me, I kept to it then and many years after.

I have often since thought, my Mother might justly have called her own conduct in question, in leaving one so young in charge of so great a trust as her large house and shop; and none to guard either them or me but three young Gentleman lodgers, who she might reasonably have thought would rather prove snares than protection to me. But Blessed be the God of Heaven that He and He only was at that time and has been ever since my Guardian and Preserver. These young Gentlemen, instead of proving snares in my Mothers absence, were rather a wall to defend me from the insults of thieves and robbers, and all other dangers. And so kind was Providence to me, that I managed during her three months absence, not only her household but her shop affairs discreetly. She found her books regularly kept, goods bought and sold, and all things carried on in the same regular manner as when she herself was at home. But notwithstanding all this, she loaded me with reproaches for going to Church; but I bore all with silence, yet with a firm resolution to proceed. In a day or two after, I met with a terrible stroke from her. I had been always used to ask her permission if, at any time, I had a desire to go out of her house. The



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Church bell, as was usual twice a week, rang for prayers. I had many inward debates whether to ask her or not; but, at last, resolving to be on the safest side, though I made myself sure of a denial, I ventured to ask her if I should go to prayers, at which she merely thundered out the following words "if you want to pray, pray at home." Though this was what I expected, yet her words and angry looks made me tremble; and for some time I stood like a statue. In a short time, however, recovering so much reason as bade me obey God rather than Man, I went to Church with a firm resolution to go at all times, when the business of our house and shop was not urgent.

My friend Mrs. Anne Brown brought me acquainted in a short time, with several pious Ladies of distinction, chief of whom was Madam Guest, formerly Turner. Herself, husband and Mother were in London, great Quakers; but with George Keith in Philadelphia they turned to the Church of England. I never thought myself happier than when in conversation with that wise, affable, ingenuous, sweet tempered, meek and humble woman. She had been finely educated. In short, a more agreeable person I never knew. The good Mr. John Talbot, Minister of Burlington church often resorted to her house when he came to Philadelphia; and it was through her means I



## The Life of Ann Bolton

was brought acquainted with that pious and learned minister of the Gospel. And thus I found that, though I was deprived of the friendship and favor of persons whom I loved as my own soul, that loss was fully compensated to me.

After a short acquaintance with the above persons, they suggested the propriety of my sealing my marriage covenant with the Sacrament of Baptism, to which I readily consented, but was ashamed of being publicly baptised. Mr. Talbot urged that I ought to glory in being admitted to so great an honor, as that of being incorporated with the Congregation of the Faithful; and that publicly putting on that honorable badge of my profession might be a means of inducing others to follow my example. Besides, it showed that I was not ashamed to own my Master Christ in the face of a world of spectators, whereas, a private Baptism would look mean and cowardly, and not worthy the name of a Christian soldier. By these arguments and wholesome councils I was greatly strengthened; and next Lords Day this grand Solemnity was performed in the face of many witnesses. The Rev. Mr. John Talbot, Mr. Nicholas Pearce, and Madam Guest were my chosen witnesses. I think I may safely affirm they faithfully discharged their duty as such.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

When I was baptised, I was about sixteen and a half.

*The following is a more particular account of the conversion to Christ, being referred to in the forty third page of this book.*

My reasons for leaving the Quakers, written by me at the age of seventeen, for my own private satisfaction and consolation in Christ. Transcribed word for word from the original as follows:

I was educated in that, seemingly, strictest of all professions Quakerism. Rigid and austere was I in my profession, and should have thought myself most happy, if I might have been a mean of gaining one proselyte to that, as I believed, most holy Religion. For I thought no path, of all the different ones chalked out by various professors of the Christian Religion, so directly led to the Heavenly Jerusalem as that of the Quakers.

When I was about the age of sixteen, it pleased God of his wonderful goodness to lead me to an examination whether the profession I was educated in, was the best of all those different ones whereby such multitudes of Christians distinguished themselves. I examined as well as I could the Authors of the Church of England, with very great desire that God would direct me to the choice of that which was right. Upon strict



## The Life of Ann Bolton

search, I began to doubt of the rectitude of my principles more and more; and feared that the way I worshipped God was with a zeal, no way according to knowledge. At length I had a desire to hear a sermon at Church which no sooner terminated in a resolution, that it was accompanied with numberless terrors, such as, a liability to lose entirely the favor of my Mother who was then from home; and that, whereas I had, by my extraordinary strictness in religion, gained the general esteem of the Quakers; I should, by once going to Church, seem to waver in my opinion, which would very much diminish that good opinion they had of me. Moreover, that if I absolutely changed my Profession from very great friends (some of whom I highly valued) they would become my most implacable enemies: that I should not gain the esteem of those of the Church who, as I was very well assured, were the most negligent of all professions in gaining Proselytes, and when gained the most regardless of them. In short, that I should, by my change be set up as an object of the scorn and contempt of the Vulgar, and the pity and disdain of the more learned. However, I was, if I may so speak, irresistibly led on to the Church, but with these terrible debates in my mind. One day as I was going to public Prayers



## The Life of Ann Bolton

that expression of our Blessed Saviour came into my mind; "He that is ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He shall come in His own Glory and in His Fathers, and of the Holy Angels!" This made me hate and abhor such thoughts as mercenary, and resolve, in spite of all the glory and friendship of the world, all the contempt of man and malice of devils, by the help of God to go on, and daily to inform my mind in the fundamental and mysterious truths of the Religion of the Church of England. Providence, at this time, presented to my view that most excellent book the "Whole Duty of Man." I began it with an earnest desire that God would in this Book make known to me His Will, what I should believe concerning Himself, and what Duties I ought to practice as a Christian. Accordingly I there found what I ought to believe of the Holy and ever Blessed Trinity; that Adam by eating the forbidden fruit forfeited his rights to future blessedness, and all mankind in him, and that he and his Posterity would have inevitably perished, but that Jesus Christ was promised, and in the fullness of time took upon Him our nature, yet without sin; that He was God and man; and that He died upon the Cross to satisfy the justice of God, that we might be made partakers of Eternal Life. All



## The Life of Ann Bolton

which I had before no knowledge of, but believed that I should be saved according to my well or ill doing, though by the Mercy of God.

I here learned the absolute necessity of the practice of all the Christian Graces, the three main Pillars of which are, Charity, devout Prayer, and Abstinence. When I had finished my Book, I set myself, by the Grace of God, to the performance of all those duties therein contained. I scarcely omitted any opportunity of attending Public Worship, though I was surrounded with all the difficulties I had anticipated, and met with no encouragement but from God; which was enough to carry me on my Duty, for it was Him only that I desired to serve. The Quakers expected that, immediately upon my leaving them, I should unavoidably fall into the vilest extravagancies; and gave me up as one forsaken by God, and utterly lost and undone. But, oh my God, let me ever remember and adore Thy wonderful Providence that did not suffer me to return to my former ignorance and error, but when ready to be overborne by the ignorance and mistaken zeal of man and malice of Devils, didst step in to my deliverance, plucking me as a brand out of the fire, bringing me to the top of felicity by being received a member of Thy Church on earth, and



## The Life of Ann Bolton

giving me leave to join with Thy servants in her most rational and heavenly service.

My attendance on public worship among the Quakers procured me little advantage. Their way of teaching, I speak impartially and without prejudice, is so confused, void of all order and method, that it is not possible, in an ordinary way, that they should ever instruct the mind of youth. However, I will not say that their minds are destitute of knowledge in the best things; because where there are few means of grace afforded, God can by Supernatural Power and in an extraordinary manner enrich the darkest heart and most ignorant minds with a knowledge of the great and mysterious truths of the Gospel. But these are such miracles as they can by no means promise themselves, who are only idle spectators in Religion. We may as well expect that God will infuse life and vigor into an inanimate brute as affords such miracles to those who indulge themselves in a stupid and wilful ignorance.

Whilst I continued among the Quakers I was comparatively ignorant of a Saviour, though I had frequently read of His birth, Life, Death, and Resurrection. His bitter suffering, I read with tears of grief, but did not know that I myself was the guilty cause of all the suffering of the Son of God, nor that it was only and alone through



## The Life of Ann Bolton

his merits that I could hope to obtain Eternal Life. But it pleased God of His wonderful Mercy after I had made some progress in this new path, to reveal this also unto me. The manner how I cannot omit.

The Friday before the Sacrement, which was usually administered every month, I spent in fasting, examination and prayer, as I was directed by my Book. Upon one of these days, when I was upon my knees in private, it pleased God to dart a ray of Heavenly Light into my soul. Then it was that I beheld my Saviours wonderful Love, in giving Himself for me; and then it was, and not before, that I was made truly sensible of my own nothingness, and that only through Christs' Merits I could expect future Blessedness. Then it was that I began indeed to run with cheerfulness the race that was set before me, looking unto Jesus, the Author and finisher of my faith. I then laid aside all romances and play, which had before taken up almost the whole of my spare time, and resolved nevermore to read anything but what spoke the language of my Saviour, how He loved me, what He had done for me, and by what means I might attain to the privelege of more and more loving Him.

The Duty of private Prayer, whilst I continued among the Quakers, I was wholly a



## The Life of Ann Bolton

stranger to, though from a Child I had a sense of Religion, and very great love for those whom I believed good. But now it was my greatest felicity to retire to my God, and was ready to wish I could forego the common refreshments of life, that I might have more leisure for that Heavenly employment. Blessed time that first let me into those durable riches and enjoyment of conversing with my God, telling Him my wants, imploring His aid, trusting His Providence, and praising Him for mercies received.

My prayer, "Oh my God, let me not bury these inestimable favors by an unthankful and fruitless return, but grant that I may show forth Thy praise not only with my lips, but in my life, that my fruit may be unto Holiness and the end everlasting Life! Thou hast brought me out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay, and set my feet upon the rock, and altered my going, and have put a new song in my mouth, even a thanksgiving unto our God! (Psalm 40, 3) Oh my God, perfect the work, I beseech Thee, which Thou hast begun in me; let my soul live and it shall praise Thee, and let me never turn again to that vain conversation from which Thou has redeemed me. Oh let me ever more dwell on the contemplation of Thy Goodness, Thy mercy, Thy wisdom and wonderful works; and grant that



## The Life of Ann Bolton

from serving and praising Thee here with Thy Church Militant, I may be a partaker of the glory of Thy Church triumphant. This I beg for the alone merits of my only Lord and Saviour! Amen!"

I saw myself now, listed one of Christ's soldiers and already entered upon the field of battle, my Adversaries, both within and without, potent, strong, and sometimes almost too many for me. Indeed the world I little regarded; but my inward corruption began to grow fierce and ready to swallow me up, which often brought me under great darkness, horror, and grief of heart, sometimes even to utter despair. But should I attempt to relate to you all my ups and downs, even in my Christian warfare only for the two first years, I might fill a large Book. But at present shall wave them and only tell you that, after long travelling through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Light sprang up, and I travelled on with peace, love and joy in the Holy Ghost.

I own, much might have been said in favor of the Quakers, had they not thrown off those two grand, plain and positive ordinances, viz.: Baptism and the Lords Supper, and set up as Articles of Faith, Thee and Thou, wearing the hat, and a preciseness in dress, speech and behaviour, which every Christian, who was one in truth and



## The Life of Ann Bolton

sincerity, will observe with due moderation and regard. I know not but formal appearances are more regarded by them than inward holiness and purity of heart. But oh, what shall I say of our lukewarm Christians, some of whom, though they will not run into every excess of riot themselves, yet do countenance, nay encourage their own children in Dancing, Gaming, feasting and revelling.

I must now return to my faithful Breton, from whom I made a long digression.

My Mother had but a short time, returned from her New England journey, when Mr. Breton renewed his suit to her; for he had always found me so much at her disposal, as had put him beyond all hopes of gaining me, but by her consent. What induced her to change her seeming abhorrence into regard and esteem I know not, but so it was; for now, she not only gave him free access to my company, but heaped many favors upon him. This, however held but a short time. Our Governor whose name was Evans, a young man and a great debauchee, one evening prevailed on Mr. Breton to join with him and other Gentlemen of the same stamp in some of their airy frolicks, which were, as I was informed, no more nor worse than I have known you Doctor to have been sometimes engaged in. But every little circumstance being aggravated by some female



## The Life of Ann Bolton

News-monger who haunted our house, served to incense my Mother terribly against him. For my part, I dared say but little, though full of grief and concern that he should be guilty of such sinful practices; yet was I easily led to excuse the man, who I believed ten thousand times better than his hypocritical accusers, who day after day, spent the greatest part of their time, Athenian like, either hearing or telling some new thing. But though I excused him, my Mother would not, but in a violent passion forbade him her house, at the same time locking up poor trembling me in my room, and securing the key in her pocket. My Mother, I suppose, soon observed that my confinement was no grief to me, but rather a delight, for I loved solitude; and wanting my assistance in her shop, she soon left me at liberty, with which I was also well contented, for I hated to be idle.

About this time one Mr. Clubb, who was both Minister of the Church, and Latin school Master of the City, having some small acquaintance at our house, told my Mother that he did not doubt, but that in a short time I might be easily brought to the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and offered himself to teach me after the hour of five every evening, to which my Mother consented. I was not a little pleased to hear my Master, in a



## The Life of Ann Bolton

short time after, commending to my Mother my forwardness in learning.

Being now deeply engaged in study, a happiness I often envied your sex, and for which I often wished myself one of them, I thought less of my sorrows in being banished the conversation of my Friend Mr. Breton. The perplexities I had frequently met with in that affair made me almost resolve to quit all thought of ever entertaining him more, though my Mother herself should appear ever so anxious to promote it. Besides, I began more and more to dread the consequence of marrying one that was not really and sincerely religious. While full of these thoughts, my School Master brought Mr. Thomas Jenkins a young clergyman to visit me. He was about the age of twenty four, and a beautiful person. The sweetness of his countenance, his modest and winning behaviour, but above all the character he bore of being a Gentleman of good principles as well as good practices gained him my esteem. And much more so because he was highly beloved and esteemed by all my religious friends of the Church of England, who in a short time were very earnest with my Mother in order to gain her consent to our marriage, to which she was easily persuaded, for none seemed to admire him more than herself. To be short, I found this Gentle-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

man such as none could find the least fault with: and for my part a Clergyman was what I had wished for above all others, believing that by marrying such a one, especially as that Gentleman appeared to be, I should without all doubt, enjoy a heaven upon earth. But alas! the pleasing Elysium, like a Golden dream soon vanished, and ended in grief and dissapointment, for, after a few months acquaintance, a violent fever, seizing him, gave him, I think, scarcely three days preparation to attend on the awful solemnity; Death! I very well remember, tears of grief frequently interrupted the utterance of the old Gentleman who preached his funeral sermon, and so well was he beloved that a general grief seemed to pervade the whole assembly, in which I must own I privately bore my part. However, being used to dissapointments, love and grief had made no wounds in my heart but what were easily removed by submission to the will of Heaven. I must not omit telling you that this unexpected turn of affairs brought Mr. Breton from New York, whither he had repared for relief, as he himself acknowledged during the courtship of the young Gentleman.

About this time, a Gentleman named T—s B—ll from Liverpool came to lodge at my Mothers house, who brought a large cargo with him for a



## The Life of Ann Bolton

ship he intended to build in Philadelphia. He had received a religious education, as well as the advantages of Greek and Latin, as was observed by some persons who were well acquainted with him. He, loving to be much at home, and, though about the age of twenty five, being solid in conversation, and perceiving I loved reading, lent me Judge Hales' works, which was the first time I had ever seen any of the writings of that Author. I read and meditated upon them very frequently, and believe the profit I gained by them will never leave me.

The thing I had almost forgotten to tell you; that my Amour with the young Clergyman with some other hinderances soon put an end to my delightful progress in Latin, so that I gained no benefit by the little knowledge I had obtained. However, though I was not learned myself, yet I doubly honored those Persons who were so, and such I was told was my friend Captain T—s B—ll, who, after a short stay in our house, began so to delight in my simple but sincere conversation that he seemed not to care for the company of those young Gentlemen with whom he used to be very intimate, but would sometimes in the height of their conversation at the Tavern start up and drive home to me, which was observed and talked of by all his acquaintance. Mr. Breton had been



## The Life of Ann Bolton

very much alarmed with the report of this Gentlemen's courting me, for that was the common talk of the Town; but hearing that he and My Mother oft disagreed and thwarted each other in conversation, he well knew I was as safe as in his own keeping, under a thousand Bolts and bars, so laid aside every fear on his account. As I shall have occasion to mention that Gentleman hereafter, I will say no more of him at this time.

I was about seventeen and a half when a seeming casualty happily (as Mr. Breton fondly thought) brought us again together. He said, he thought he had yet one expedient left by which to try my Mother, which was, that except she would consent to our marriage, he was determined to pay his addresses to another, imagining that she loved him too well to consent to that. He spoke those words with such an air of seriousness and resolution as, I own, terribly fluttered my spirits, so that, for some time, I was incapable of returning him an answer. The injustice of the pretended courtship, and the fear of his being caught, should he make an attempt, were causes too weighty to be slightly passed over. For though, but a little time before, I had resolved to renounce every thought of him, upon such a near trial I found my love for him, too strong, and my resolutions too weak. But before



## The Life of Ann Bolton

we parted, I consented to his trial of my Mother in that manner.

Now, what I am about to relate, may appear to you a little romantick, especially, if you never knew the force of dissappointed love. Soloman says, "love is strong as death," which was exemplified in this Gentleman.

A short time after the above interview, our parlor doors being wide open where my Mother and I were sitting, Mr. Breton rushed in and threw himself upon his knees before my Mother, and in tears besought her to consider his misery. It would be too tedious to relate to you the arguments pro and con that passed between them. When he found her past relenting, he said, he was determined to leave me and marry another, to which she readily consented.

Business, in a short time after called him to Salem Court, where he soon became acquainted with a rich country Gentleman's daughter. She was tolerably handsome, and about the age of twenty. To be short, his business kept him three days at that court, during which time he had gained full consent of Father, Mother and daughter. The report soon reached my Mothers ear, at which she seemed startled though, as she said, did not believe it. For my part, I was surprised,



## The Life of Ann Bolton

though I could not credit it. However, I kept my thoughts to myself.

But before I proceeded thus far in my relation, I should have acquainted you, that my Aunt, and her sons and daughters were very pressing with my Mother to consent to my going with Mr. Breton to their Country House which was about five miles from Philadelphia, having before easily prevailed on him to accompany me. My Mother readily consented to their request. Mr. Breton provided a horse for himself and another for me, and soon arrived at my Relations house where we were received with all imaginable joy, love, and equal respect to us both. I am not certain whether our country visit was prolonged to two or three days. It was one or the other, when we kindly took our leave of the family and proceeded toward Philadelphia. I shall never forget Mr. Bretons' pressing arguements with me to consent to a speedy marriage without the consent of my Mother, if it could not be gained. He never prevailed with me so far as at that time. I had no sooner spoken my forced consent, than my heart was struck with strange misgivings, and terrified with frightful ideas of the consequences. (The above was a little before his pretended amour with the Country Gentleman's daughter.)



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Philadelphia, May 6th, 1739.

Sir,—I shall now proceed in my relation, which it may be, is as odd a one as you have ever been acquainted with, especially in love affairs.

A short time put all my doubts out of question, for up comes the old Gentleman, whom appearance bespoke him no mean person. His name was Mr. Smith. His wife and daughter, whose appearances coincided with his own, accompanied him to Philadelphia. They soon, without any reserve, informed us, that their object in visiting the city was to purchase their daughters wedding clothes, in order that she and Mr. Breton might consummate their marriage. Nothing happening to please them in others, they came to my Mothers shop. I had now an opportunity of seeing my rival, at the sight of whom I was really shocked, and much more so, because she appeared before me as I thought, in a sort of triumph. However, before she left the shop, I asked her to walk with me into our parlor, to which she readily consented. We had sitten there but a short time, when Mr. Breton, to my great surprise, entered with a Gentleman of his acquaintance. Mr. B—n and his Mistress, I soon observed were well acquainted, for he had scarcely entered the room when he began to pull and hale her about in a loving yet very rough manner, and she in return gave him



## The Life of Ann Bolton

some pretty severe blows, which he returned as severely, 'till in a short time they got very fairly to fighting, which afforded no little diversion to the Gentleman and myself. After she was gone, for she stayed not long, I merrily rallied him about his Mistress, which he returned as merrily. In short, the Gentleman, his acquaintance laid him a wager of as much rich damask as should make him a Waiscoat and Breeches, against five Pounds that he would marry the young lady. This wager, the Gentleman lost, which occasioned some mirth to Mr. Breton and the Gentleman of his acquaintance.

In the meantime, my Mother would not hide her uneasiness, but spoke much against Mr. Breton to the young womans relations, alleging many futile reasons for not suffering him to marry her Daughter. These, however, produced no effect upon them, for they plainly showed that they were determined to conclude the marriage in a very short time.

Mr. Breton, finding himself caught in a Net, and that he was likely to be terribly hampered, resolved to slip out as soon as he possibly could, which her Parents plainly perceiving, after about two weeks stay in Philadelphia returned home with their Daughter, to the great joy of Mr. Breton. And thus, this grand affair was begun and ended in less than four weeks.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

About the time of their departure, a favorable opportunity (as we thought) brought us again together; but ruminating on the past adventure, were for a while silent. Mr. Breton, however, a little recovering his scattered senses, began and told me, that being invited to the forementioned country Gentlemans' house to lodge, the family went early to bed, and left him with the young Woman, who kept him up with her all night. In the morning, he merrily asked her Father's consent to their marriage, who replied, that he heard he was engaged to Mrs. Budd's Daughter. Mr. Breton said, that was what he had long been endeavouring, but in vain, and that all former expectations of that sort were now entirely frustrated by my Mother. To be short, as he said, and as I believed, very few words gained the consent of the Father to his marriage with his Daughter, while his heart and soul were chained to mine. Though this, he said, was no laudable way of proceeding, yet hoped he might, in some degree, be thought excusable at such a terrible juncture of his affairs, on the result of which his very life depended.

I related to him in return, what had passed in his absence, between a Bermudian Captain and my Mother; which I shall give you, in a few of his own words. "Madam, Says he to my Mother,



## The Life of Ann Bolton

I am mightily smitten with your daughter. She is a witty, pretty Creature, and I love a woman of wit, but you know Madam, all that wont maintain a body without some money. I came to lodge in your house on purpose to court her, and, to be plain with you, I desire to know what portion you will give her, if she and I can make up a match?" My Mother told him, she did not understand such bargaining; of which she made a very great jest. He, in reply, swore he was in earnest, and that he saw no fault in me but that of being too religious, but hoped I might be easily cured of that, as I was but young, but for all that, he was resolved never to marry me (he told my Mother) without some bags of her money. My Mother preemptorily declared he should have neither. While he stayed, which was about four weeks, he was incessantly teasing my Mother for her daughter and some bags of her money. At the same time, the dialogues that passed between him and me served to divert many others as well as myself. That Gentleman, like others of his stamp, thought every woman must be smitten (to use his own word) with his ruffled shirt, sword, and loud hat, though he could scarcely write one line of true English. But, notwithstanding that, he went to England a few years after, and there got to be Captain of a Man of War, and not long after, re-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

turned to Philadelphia, being advanced to a port of considerable honour and profit. The success of that empty, vainglorious creature amply exemplifies the saying of the wise man, "that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither riches to men of understanding, but time and chance happen to them all."

Methought, Mr. Breton was ten thousand times more deserving of fortune's favors, yet could never attain them in such a way as would have been only agreeable to his own generous principles.

My Mother soon became acquainted with that evenings interview; for I was taking a walk, with two young ladies of my acquaintance toward our burying ground, when Mr. Breton surprized us. The young Ladies soon withdrew, and left us to solace ourselves as well as our melancholy circumstances would allow; for love had too deeply rooted itself in our hearts for either of us to be happy without the other. My Mother, as I said before, was soon informed of that evenings' conversation, but instead of showing any resentment, which I expected to have been showered upon me at my return home, she behaved as usual, which, to speak truth, was in an unpleasant and reserved manner. However, that I bore patiently



## The Life of Ann Bolton

even from a child, though not without much inward grief.

By a line I soon informed Mr. Breton in what manner my Mother received me at my return, which made him resolve once more to renew his suit, which he did without delay, and so much success that she not only received him again into her favour, but so heaped her kindnesses upon him, that she would no longer let him stay at his lodgings, but desired he would lodge and board in her house. He then, as you may well imagine, took the first favorable opportunity to treat with her about our marriage, urging that he had suffered enough by her inconstancy, and that nothing but my appearing always the same could have supported him; which had hitherto buoyed up his soul with a sort of assurance that a time would yet come which should complete his happiness. She told him, in a little time she would comply with his request. But he urged that no time was like the present, that she could no longer object I was too young, and that delays might prove dangerous. No other word, however, could he get from her, than what she had said before. Though he could not at that instant obtain his request, she gave him such hopes that, when some busybodies were maliciously whispering in her ear against him; he said, he was now well assured



## The Life of Ann Bolton

that neither the malice of men nor devils could deprive him of me. And now, for a while, my Dear Friend, be pleased to observe us triumphing in our long-wished-for success.

About this time arrived from England the eldest Son of one of our greatest men in Philadelphia. He had been educated in the University for a Clergyman or a Lawyer, and finding it most conducive to his worldly interests turned out the latter. What I have said of him, and what I am going to say, would not be worth mentioning only that, as I have long entertained you with the grave and serious, so now, for variety's sake, I would give you a taste of my Poetry.

By way of introduction I must acquaint you that the forementioned young Gentleman, soon after his arrival, wrote acrosticks upon the names of six of the principal young ladies belonging to the Church in this City, and amongst the number he was pleased to place me. As I was neither first nor last in his account, so I had no reason to be pleased nor displeased, anymore than, as his Lines were judged fine by the Learned, so I read them with some pleasure, and, at the same time, with some pain in seeing the pride of some of the young Ladies, all of whom were applauded far beyond their merits; for the Gentleman, like other Poets, seemed to have set but little bounds to his



## The Life of Ann Bolton

pen. If virtue, in this mercenary age, may be allowed any praise, I here bore the palm,—Notwithstanding the wit, beauty and riches that the other Ladies were possessed off.

Though I ever gloried, and believe ever shall, in the sincere affections of a wise and true Friend, I always detested, and I am persuaded always shall, being applauded in public,—as you will see by the following lines.

“Hah, I’ve done finely, now there needs  
no more

To make me by the Female Sex adored,  
They’re pleased I see with what I said  
in praise

Of their most noble wit, and beauteous  
rays.

Alas’ fond fools, they do not think how I  
Laugh at their foolish pride, nay, let me  
die.

If ere I thought them worth my Poesy,  
Except to please the poor unthinking  
Tribe

Of simple Girls, whose wits I’ve now  
decoyed

Into the snare of vanity and pride.”

Being in one of my easiest and airiest humours when I wrote the above, I know not how far I



## The Life of Ann Bolton

might have proceeded, had I not been surprized, in the midst of my flight, by the coming in of Mr. T—s B—ll, who, perceiving me hiding something, caught it away by force; nor did he keep it so secret, but that it was told, in a malicious manner, that I made a great jest of the Gentleman's Poetry. This was thought to be an unpardonable crime, for he was looked upon as a grave, wise, and solid Person, and being the son of a great man, no little regard was shown him by our Grandees. Besides, his sister and I having been intimate from little children; it was resented so much the more. But enough of this. Mr. Breton and myself triumphed not many weeks, when a most surprizing rupture broke out. He happened to be in company with some Gentlemen at a Tavern, who sent to my Mother's shop for a pack of cards. (But by the way, I think that those who will not play at cards themselves, ought not to sell them to others). My Mother unfortunately stood by when the messenger came. I shall never forget the gloom that overspread her face; such as, in a moment, struck me into such confusion that I was almost dumb and senseless. The messenger, all the while stood staring one while on me, and then upon my Mother. I, a little recovering, asked my Mother if I should send them; yes, yes, send them, said she. Mr.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Breton received his doom as soon as he entered our house. He was forced to leave me in the hands of my cruel keeper, who ordered her servants forthwith to carry everything, belonging to Mr. Breton to his former lodging, with orders that he should never again enter her doors. And now there was no end of her reproaches; one while against Mr. Breton and then against me for entertaining, against her absolute commands, the man, who with his debaucheries, would be the ruin of my body and soul. The dreadful consequences which, I believed, a disobedience to my Mothers commands would produce, alone restrained me from yielding to Mr. Bretons repeated importunities to a private marriage. I thought non resistance and passive obedience indispensable duties of all children to their Parents; however tyrannical their government.

My friend and I had been banished the sight and conversation of each other but a few days, when an affair called my Mother from home, which kept her all night. How Mr. Breton was informed of this I know not, but a door being left unlocked for one of the Gentlemen who lodged in our house, Mr. Breton came in about eleven o'clock at night unknown to myself or any of the family, and walking upstairs came softly into my room. I was in bed alone, though not



## The Life of Ann Bolton

asleep, so must leave you to judge of my surprise; not that he was a stranger there, for my Mother had long allowed him free access into my chamber. Her indulging him in that manner, at first appeared very surprizing to me, but his inoffensive and modest behaviour banished all uneasiness, on that score, from my mind. As soon as he had entered my room he threw himself upon my bed, but would not for some time utter a word; recovering however, a little, "I have," says he, "rushed through all difficulties to get a sight of you once more. I am in a high fever, and am come to bid you everlastingly farewell." I entreated him to think no more of me, you see, says I, no prospect of things being ever otherwise than they are; therefore I entreat you to give up the pursuit of that which, when obtained, might probably prove fatal to us both. At these words, he trembled and clasping me in his arms said, "is all my promised felicity come to this: and must I live and behold you possessed by another? No, that cannot, must not be. You are mine before God, and cannot be given into the arms of another, without violating, in the highest manner the most sacred ties of marriage." These words, and many more to the same purpose, he uttered in such a vehement and distracted manner as no tongue nor pen can describe.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

With grief and astonishment, I now imagined myself inclosed in the arms of a madman, and began to tremble; he perceived it and bade me not fear, adding, in a most solemn manner, that he could with more ease put to an end to his small remains of life, than offer the least injury to this chaste and virtuous soul. I told him, he well knew the cause that had long held me from making his happiness equal with my own, was no other than the dread I labored under of incurring my Mother's everlasting hatred and contempt. He then threw himself from me, and day approaching told us we must part. To be short, this nights conversation served only to aggravate our sorrows. Before he could leave me, he again insisted upon my consenting to a private marriage, but I told him, the very thought made me tremble.

This nights conversation was not so secretly carried on, but that a lady who lay in the next room, discovered it to my Mother, upon her return home, at which she looked very angry, but said little. No doubt, to the grief and dissapointment of my pretended friend. Had my Mother known Mr. Breton to have been a Gamester, she ought not to have entertained him at all as a Husband for her Daughter; but so far from that, neither she nor I, had ever heard or known him



## The Life of Ann Bolton

touch a card in his Life, or play at any other game, nor did he ever join with our then Governor Evans in his worst debaucheries, yet was some times drawn into some of his airy frolicks, which, indeed was not much to be wondered at in those days. This young Governor was the ruin of most of our Youths as well as some young ladies in our city. He likewise framed a most abominable scheme to try the Quakers, as he said, whether they would fight in defense of their city and country, as well as their lives, but they stood firm in their principles. The Governor, the better to colour his contrivences, ordered a daily mustering upon Society Hill, made fortifications, and planted some great Guns. Scarcely anything was talked of for a long time, but that our town and country would in a short time, be infallibly taken by the French, if we did not defend ourselves against them. (*This was, I think in the year 1705.*) On the sixteenth or seventeenth of May; (the day appointed for the execution of their designs) it was said, a place called Store Hill was already destroyed by the French, and that, without doubt, they would be here in a few days. I shall never forget how our Governor with his armed Warriors, mounted upon steeds drove about every street in the city, raging as if already in the midst of the Battle, surrounded on every side by



## The Life of Ann Bolton

their enemies. In the midst of this Hurly Burly, Col. and Mr. Tongue arrived from Newcastle, who, in their haste, appeared to have rode themselves and horses almost to death. These men took their oaths before a Magistrate in this city that the French had burnt down New Castle, and Marcus Hook, and that before tomorrow they would be in Philadelphia. I'll leave you, Sir, to judge of our consternation. When all was over, our Governor and his swearing heroes said, with a loud laugh, that they only did it to see whether the Quakers would fight. (N. B.—These transactions were before Mr. Breton came to Philadelphia.)

Once more I must return to my friend Breton who, as my Mother was told was so ill that his life was despaired of. Upon hearing this she, without saying one word to me went to visit him. As soon as she saw him, as I was afterward told, she beheld and felt him covered with cold death sweats, and while she stayed which was about an hour, employed herself in applying successively dry night caps to his head, and wiping the dying sweats from his face and hands. He was too weak to speak much, but what he did say was sorrowfull reflections on the vanity of his past life, and that now he was going to be cut down like a green bay tree, in the prime of Life; but



## The Life of Ann Bolton

what his fears or hopes were, was not known, for he expressed neither. What he said to her concerning me I know not, but at her return home, before she had well entered her shop, where I was sitting, said; "Breton wont live, you may go to see him if you will." Astonished at her kindness, you may be sure, I did not require a second bidding, but up I started, though violently trembling, and hurried to his lodging as fast as my feeble limbs could carry me. I had, at our last parting, determined to enquire of him no more, nor to see him any more, when my Mother allowed me the liberty I had not the power to resist. When I entered his room, he, at first sight of me, was struck with emotions too violent to be borne by one in his weak condition. Recovering a little, he expressed great satisfaction in being, as he said, blessed once more with the sight of me. In the evening he sent to my Mother, and begged her last favour, that I might be permitted to stay with him, that night, which she readily granted. All others withdrew and left us to solace each other, as well as we could in our sorrowful delight. He wanted no attention through the whole night only, two or three times a spoonfull of a julip prepared for him by his Physician. How ill he had been, I knew not, but during my stay with him all signs of death were fled, and as for sleep, it did



## The Life of Ann Bolton

not interrupt our conversation during the whole night. This being so easy, banished every thought of death, I believe, from us both. But all this alas! proved no more than a delusive dream. In the morning I was forced to leave him, being sent for by my Mother, who wanted my assistance. Night approaching my Mother went again to visit him, and then found that death was hurrying him fast off the stage of Life. I was sent for in all haste, but by whose orders I never knew, for I asked no questions, but hurried to his Lodgings. At another time I should have shrunk at such a bold attempt, but now I made my way without reserve through a roomfull of company, who were come a little before me to take their final leave of him. I sat upon his bedside close by him. Though, for some time, he had seemed to be past speaking, or taking notice of any person (as they said) yet he soon perceived me, and violently trembling seized my hand with his, while a little raising himself; fixed his fine black sparkling eyes upon me. They moved quickly nor did I perceive any change in them only, that they appeared more piercing, bright and lively than ever. "This dear creature, says he, has a soul bright and virtuous. I have long waited in hope Heaven would have blessed me with the possession of her. I dont blame her, but"—more he would have said, but "Cruel death



## The Life of Ann Bolton

snatched from his trembling lips the rest." What he spoke was with a voice loud, clear and distinct, as if he had been in open Court, pleading his own case at the Bar. His words were no sooner ended than, like one overcome with sleep, he closed his mouth and eyes, nor had death made the least change in his delicate complexion, nor fine features, only that lovely bloom which usually overspread his face in health, was now become faint and languid. A deep sigh terminated his existence.

As I cannot tell you how I got to him, neither can I tell you how I got from him; but this I know, that grief lay long and heavy upon my heart, though close concealed from human sight. When I saw him lie dead judge what I felt! As I hastily went to him, so I as hastily started from him, and rushed through his room as quick as my trembling heart and limbs would permit.

For more than twelve successive months, after his decease, inexpressible horror would frequently seize me when I went to close my eyes in sleep, and when asleep was frequently seared in my dreams, with frightful ideas of him. So to be short, I passed the days in a crowd of affairs, but as for the nights, they were really terrible.

The next day after his death, all necessary preparations were made for his funeral. Mr.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Charles Read, who had been some months a lodger in our house, had a singular esteem for him, and truly mourned his loss. He said he thought it proper, being a real mourner to lead me; so that we should both follow the corpse, as chief Mourners. This, I must own, I thought very singular, but how much-so-ever my mind was opposed to it, dare not show my unwillingness, because it was my Mother's desire that it should be so; I therefore submitted to be led by that Gentleman to the grave of my deceased Lover. Though my heart was full, I kept from all outward signs of grief at his grave.

About a quarter of an hour after his death, it being a dark night I got home alone and undiscovered by anyone, and rushed into our parlor not expecting to find anyone Person there, I fell into excessive weeping, some words and actions breaking from me which I would have wished unsaid and undone. For a short time, I lost all command of my reason. The forementioned Gentleman Mr. Chas. Read was sitting in the same room by a table reading; I wished he had been in another place at that time, but well knowing my natural reserved temper, he showed by his expression and behaviour, both then and afterwards, that he made reasonable allowances for one in my situation.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

In all this consternation and hurry of my spirits I forgot my letters which were concealed in his closet, but falling into the hands of a Gentleman who was our mutual friend, were all safely given back to me. Had they, however, been exposed to the view of our greatest enemies, they were so innocent that no ill construction could have been put upon any one of them.

I know not what effect these melancholy passages may have upon you. For my own part, throughout the whole narration I have been so deeply affected as to be scarcely able to proceed. Upon a review of what we both suffered through my Mother's fickleness and misconduct, I cant forebear tears and trembling. Sometimes I am led to think that great part of my late sufferings have been inflicted on me by Heaven for the follies of my youth. But Alas! what could I, that was ever chained to the will of my Mother, do otherwise than I did. With such bitter reflections as these I could fill many sheets, but shall wave them at present and give you a short account of my Mother, for I imagine from what I have written, you have formed strange ideas of her.

My Mother was a women of quick understanding, yet easily ensnared by Hypocrites and flatterers, to which most of the misfortunes of her whole life were owing. She was ever close to her



## The Life of Ann Bolton

interests, yet generous in her way of trade and dealing with others, and despised unlawful gain. She was bountiful to the poor, and charitable to persons in distress, and had an exceedingly tender method in softening the pains of those who were afflicted either in mind or body. Many who through misfortune have been involved and sunk in difficulties she, by her advice and assistance has placed in easy circumstances. The truth of this I am sure some persons can witness at this day, if they have not buried her kindness in oblivion. To be short, she was devout towards God, a true worshipper, and sincere believer in Jesus Christ, and I believe, in Him she finished her days in peace.

As to her rigour to myself, which was indeed wholly undeserved, yet without doubt, it was directed by Providence in order to make and keep me humble in His sight. For my natural disposition leading me to too great an excess of love and esteem for Persons of merit, her perpetual severity served to wean my affections, in some degree, from Persons and things of this world, and caused me to place them on objects of a superior nature. By what I have written, you may observe that Providence brought me very early acquainted with worthy Persons, in whom I delighted, of whatever station, sex, or age they were; but my soul



## The Life of Ann Bolton

ever hated mean and vulgar conversation. My Mother afforded me but little education at Schools, yet the want of these was sufficiently supplied by the assistance of those well educated Ladies with whom I conversed. From some I learned various sorts of curious needlework, and from others all necessary parts of cookery and good house-wifery. My Mother herself had been well educated, but her family being very small, my assistance was required in the Shop, in which her dealings were pretty large, so that I had but little time to devote to Literature. But, as I observed before, the conversation of the Ladies with whom I associated, was both pleasing and instructive, producing not only manual but mental improvement. I think I lost but little time among them, but, according to my power, drew some sweets from every flower. Some of the curiosities, however, in which I was instructed, appeared to me vain, and but trifling amusement for one who had her salvation to work out with fear and trembling. But again I thought I was copying after those who were distinguished for their Piety and wisdom, and that if there was any criminality in such things those worthy persons would see and abhor them. Thus, in some degree I quieted my doubts and went on industriously laboring to improve myself in those things that were curious,



## The Life of Ann Bolton

though, with respect to many of them, not useful.

As our impressions of friendship; dear Sir, are of a stamp truly divine, so, I doubt not, they will be directed to such ends as shall enhance, if not our present, yet our future happiness. The desires of my Soul are strong and vehement after that Heavenly conversation which shall never end. May God so teach and direct us, so govern and protect us in this life, that we may arrive safe at last on the shores of that Heavenly rest which the Blessed Jesus has purchased for all those who diligently seek him. That this may be our happy portion is the fervent prayer of

Your Unalterable Friend,

Ann Bolton.

Philadelphia, June 1st-8th, 1739.

---

September 9th, 1739.

Upon the death of my friend Mr. Breton, as often as the business of my Mothers house and shop would permit, I grew more and more retired from the world. When the Lords Day came I rejoiced; for on that blessed day, like the laboring ox, I laid me down on green pastures



## The Life of Ann Bolton

feeding sweetly on the sacred writings, and bathing my thirsty soul in seas of spiritual delight. I had before allowed myself, as it is common among the Quakers, as well as too many of the other professions, after hearing a sermon or two on Sunday, to think the work of that day sufficiently done, and that I might spend the remainder in visiting, trifling conversation, or walking abroad for recreation. All these are things from which, in this life, we can scarcely be entirely exempt. I studied again my "Whole duty of Man," and finding its instructions agreeable to Scripture and reason, endeavored to frame my mind according to its directions. The Author, I did, and do still believe, was divinely inspired in composing those excellent helps for us weak, and short sighted mortals.

When sometimes reflecting upon Mr. Breton's death, I thought I saw cause to return thanks to God for preventing my marriage with a person whose repentance for his youthful follies, I feared had made but slight wounds in his heart. My love, however, was too deeply fixed ever to be eradicated. Whether this was a fault in me, I know not, but thus it remains fixed even to this hour, and I believe will remain so the rest of my life.

I had then arrived at the age of seventeen years



## The Life of Ann Bolton

and eight months, and though naturally of a lively, cheerful temper, my inward corruption, and trials within and without, often bore hard and heavy upon me, sometimes to utter despair of ever reaching that land of Promise, in which only "the wicked ceased from troubling and the weary soul can be at rest!"

I remember I was travelling this Maze, when Mr. Charles Read met me who, as I told you before, had lodged some time in my Mothers house. He was a great reader, specially of grave and solid Authors. He then sought my acquaintance, and brought me, in a short time, in some degree acquainted with many of them. As he delighted much in reading, so also was he curious in his choice as well of Divinity, as History and Philosophy. I recollect I was much taken with Sir Robert Boyle in "Seraphick Love," and Sir Francis Bacon's essays. Among his books of Philosophy, Seneca and Epictetus delighted me much. I thought, however, I was stepping aside from the resolution I had made not long before of reading nothing but what spoke the language of my Saviour, how He loved me, and by what means I might obtain to a more perfect love of Him. But again I thought there sometimes appeared in their writings a spark of Divinity. As one star differs from another in glory, so those and many other



## The Life of Ann Bolton

wise Heathens, on account of the destitution of advantages which we enjoy, were less exemplary in their writings. But unless we have experienced the operations of the Holy Ghost, have passed through the pangs of the New Birth, and have afterward so received the seal of the Divine Spirit, as that we can with a soul hungry and thirsty cry, Abba Father, those enlightened Heathens have far exceeded us both in principle and practice. And I doubt not but their obedience to the Light which they have received is accepted by the Father of mercies through Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the New Covenant.

I doubt not but my Friend will readily excuse or blot out all errors through the course of these letters, which, if exposed to public view, criticks might laugh at. But as you are not only a Gentleman of learning, but my real friend, I rest assured you will palliate all those imperfections which it has not been in the power of your friend to avoid.

Anne Bolton.

---

Sir;—

June 8th, 1739.

Before I was eighteen years old, the envy and malice of some Ladies of distinction in this city were visited upon me in the following manner.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Mr. Charles Read openly declared in all companies, that the narrow inspection he had made into my mind, and his observation of my inward qualifications, had very much enhanced his esteem for me. This open declaration of his, stung the hearts of many. Having attributed Mr. Breton's praises to the blindness of love, they made proportional allowances. But, for a man of Mr. Read's perspicacity to speak of me in such a manner, was what they could no longer bear in silence, but, in the fury of envy, poured out incessantly their venom upon me. At such behaviour Mr. Read would sometime laugh, at others rage; for my own part, I bore all of their cruel invectives with the greatest ease and indifference, nor was it in their power to move me to anger. The report, so current, that Mr. Read and I were going to be married, quickly reached the ears of his two sisters, who were young Ladies of good fortune, and well respected, especially among the Quakers, in whose Profession they had been educated. These sisters, the eldest of whom was not more than eighteen, were extremely prejudiced against me, not from any knowledge of their own, but from the mis-representations of others. Mr. Read strove to hide their resentment, but they were averse to nothing more than their Brothers' marrying me. Notwithstanding the diversity of



## The Life of Ann Bolton

religion in the family (for Mr. Read was a strict Churchman) the most perfect harmony existed between them. He was tender and affectionate to his sisters, and they were the same to him. Their Father, who was a wise, pious, and devout Churchman, took care that Mr. Read, his only son, should want no education that America could afford. The latter was admired and beloved by the generality of those who knew him. He was then about the age of twenty three, and possessed a competent fortune.

You may well suppose a person of his merit could not but be pleasing to me. The conversation of such a one, would naturally cause the time to slide on agreeably; especially, when I tell you that our humours, affections and inclinations were in unison. Our conformity in Religious worship, our frequent attendance together at the Alter of God, strengthened the band of union. As Mr. Read, however, advanced in life, he began to fall more and more, from that steadfastness in Christ which marked the progress of his youth. But of this I shall say no more at this time, as I shall have occasion to say something concerning the latter part of his life in its proper place. To return,—things went on in this manner about four months, when some of his friends suggested his taking a voyage to England before he married, and



## The Life of Ann Bolton

effecting a correspondance with a rich Merchant in London who, I think they said, was his near Relation. As this was by him considered a reasonable proposal, all things, without delay were provided for his departure. Before he took leave, he presented me with some of his best and choicest books. He parted from me with many signs and expressions of sorrow; the reality of which I had no reason to doubt and, as a confirmation of his undissembled affection, he wrote me from New-Castle a long and tender letter. The graces of his mind, methought, gave not only a lustre to all he spoke, but made even his Person appear amiable and lovely; but for all that, as I had hitherto met with nothing but dissapointments in love, I behaved towards him with greatest restraint. My words were delivered to him, and of him with the utmost reserve, and whatever my thoughts were, I buried them in silence. He did not observe a sigh, nor see a tear drop from my eyes at parting, though at the same time, he well knew I beheld him with respect and esteem. During the whole of my acquaintance with that Gentleman, I had not known him guilty of one indecent expression or unbecoming action. He was modest, yet easy, free and cheerful in conversation. He was the Friend and Patron of the poor and distressed. To be short, he appeared to live under



## The Life of Ann Bolton

the influence of every virtue, and, in an inverse proportion, to be destitute of vice.

From what I have written my Dear Friend you will readily grant that, in all human possibility, we had been happy in our marriage. But, it was otherwise decreed by Providence as will appear in my next letter. I remain with esteem and veneration,

Your real Friend,

Ann Bolton.

---

Dear Sir,—

July 9th, 1739.

I cannot but imagine, that the pretty respectable appearance my Mother made in the World, and her having but two Children, were among the inducements that drew upon me the regard and esteem of the forementioned worthy Gentlemen. Had I appeared in a lower station I might, like many others of my deserving sex, have passed over the stage of life undiscovered, or, at least, without much inquiry after me; for true is the observation of a Poet, viz.—

“True worth moves few, and sure I am,  
not many

Have for bare Virtues sake affected  
any.”



## The Life of Ann Bolton

I come now to speak of one whom Heaven appointed for me, and from a union with whom there resulted mutual happiness,—namely, Mr. Robt. Clay,<sup>18</sup> eldest son of Mr. Robert Clay, near Sheffield, Yorkshire. The old Gentleman was at that time, and had been many years the owner of part of several Coal-Pits and Lead-Mines by the product of which he had acquired a considerable estate. When his Son Robert was about the age of fourteen he bound him Apprentice to a considerable Merchant in Liverpool. One moiety of his time he was to remain with his Master, and the other half upon the ocean, by which means he became not only skilled in the affairs of Merchandise, but also in those of Navigation. Before he had quite served out his time with his last Master the latter died, so that Mr. Clay returned to his first Master the Merchant, whose name was Asheton. This Gentleman, with three others, designing to build a ship in Philadelphia sent over, in the year 1709, a Captain, Thomas Pride to go Master of her. The management of the cargo was consigned to Mr. Clay, with orders to take care and have the ship built according to their directions, of which he himself was to be Mate.

---

<sup>18</sup> Baptized December 9, 1688. Died at sea, 1716. Son of Robert Clay and Hannah Slater.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

They had a quick and prosperous voyage, and arrived safe in Philadelphia in the month of March. But before I proceed farther in this part of my relation, I must acquaint you with what Mr. Clay used often afterwards to talk of with singular pleasure, viz.—Being in Church the first Sunday after his arrival in our City, and seated in the gallery opposite to the Governors pew, in which I sat, he whispered to his friend who came over with him from England, and pointing to me, asked him if he thought I did not very much resemble, a young Lady in Liverpool, whom he had many years admired above all others. What answer the young Gentleman returned, I do not recollect. Mr. Clay, however, used to say, he was instantly struck with such admiration and esteem for me, as grew every day more strong and vehement, notwithstanding all his endeavors to stifle the subtle flame. 'Tis probable that which first drew his eyes upon me was my dress, for I was in the habit of a Quaker. I remember the clothes I had on were a rich silk shagreen, a plain cap and hood put on according to the fashionable mode of our young Quakers in those days. Mr. Clay, not many days after, became acquainted with an old Gentleman, who was a Baptist, and had been intimately known to an uncle of his in Chester-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

field, Derbyshire. His name was Thomas Potts.<sup>19</sup> After a short acquaintance, Mr. Potts asked Mr. Clay how he liked Philadelphia. I wish, answered the latter, it may be my fortune to settle here, for I think it the prettiest place in the world. I am heartily glad rejoined Mr. Potts, to find you like the place so well, I would be no less glad could you find an agreeable young lady on whom you could fix your affections, if you are not already engaged in England. I must own, says Mr. Clay, I was once deeply in love with a beautiful Female in the Town of Liverpool, but finding that my Father could never be brought to consent to our marriage, and fearing we should be but miserable without it, we parted by mutual consent, though not without many tears. Mr. Clay then drew out of his pocket a most beautiful Picture, which when Mr. Potts had sufficiently viewed he said, he could not but own if the Person, was endowed with a mind as beautiful, she was one of the most deserving women in the world; but,

---

<sup>19</sup> Thomas Potts (the tanner). Baptized Chesterfield, Derbyshire, England, July 12, 1647. He came to America on the "Shield" about 1678. He lived at Burlington, N. J., and was one of the founders of the First Baptist Church at Burlington. He moved to Philadelphia in 1699 and died there September 4, 1726. He married four times—first, Joani—; second, Anne —; third, Grace Farmer; fourth, Alice Pusser.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

continued Mr. Potts, (without waiting for Mr. Clays answer) "I am well acquainted with a young Woman in this Town who, if she be not quite so handsome, is I am sure very amiable, and if you can gain her, it will be your own fault, I think, if you are not one of the happiest men in the World, as it respects a Wife." "But," says Mr. Clay hastily interrupting him, "I am already in love with a young Lady in Town, and that so deeply that I verily believe a dissapointment here will prevent my ever marrying any other." Mr. Potts highly startled said, "why who is she"? "I know not," replied Mr. Clay, "who she is, nor where she lives, but I saw her last Sunday at Church." To be short, from Mr. Clay's description of my Person and dress Mr. Potts told him that the one he fancied was the same he had been just recommending. Says Mr. Clay, "can you bring me acquainted with her"? "I can with ease," replied Mr. Potts, "introduce you into her Mother's house, for my Wife and I are intimately acquainted with them both." After considering the subject a little, Mr. Clay's friend asked him how he thought his Father would be pleased with his marrying in America; to which he answered that he was perfectly easy as to that, for his Father had told him at his departure, that since he had consented, in obedience to his commands, to renounce the idea



## The Life of Ann Bolton

of marrying into the family which he disliked, he was now perfectly at liberty, in case he met with a Lady in America whom he admired, to marry there. Every obstacle now being removed, Mr. Potts, the very next morning, repaired to my Mother, and there unknown to me, gave her the whole relation; at which she was not a little pleased, and in order to facilitate matters, she went to Mr. Clay's store, and bought a large quantity of goods of him. Very early that morning, a Lad, whom I did not know put into my hand a letter as I was standing near My Mothers door. Before I opened it I observed it was very handsomely folded, and the superscription was uncommonly elegant. This, with the deep impression of the well cut seal took up my thoughts for some time; but upon opening it, was not a little surprized at the sight of a name I had never before heard of. When I read the letter my surprise was increased; and I was at a loss to determine whether the Gentleman's intention was to make himself merry at my expense, or whether he wanted that wisdom and judgment which it was reasonable to expect in one who expressed himself in so elegant a manner. Not being able to solve the difficulty I waited until time should unravel the mystery, and in the mean time, communicated the matter to no person.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

My Mother was returned but a very short time from Mr. Clay's store, when he sent a servant to our shop with the goods, and came immediately after himself. My Mother requested him to sit down, which he did, and seemed to be very faint. Upon her asking him what he would drink, he desired a little small beer, which I ran myself and brought him, being sorry to see the Gentleman in such a weak condition. His stay was but short, and when he was gone, I asked my Mother if she knew him. She said she had been buying those goods of him, and that his name was Clay. At the mention of which I was startled, knowing it to be the same that signed the letter; yet I kept that and my thoughts to myself. In the evening a Gentleman of our acquaintance, introduced him into the parlor, where my Mother and I were sitting at tea. After a short stay they departed. In the morning in comes Mr. Potts, who told my Mother that I had received a letter from Mr. Clay. I want to see it, said she, give it to me. This unexpected and peremptory command startled me, but not daring to refuse I handed it to her, which, having read, she returned. Mr. Potts spoke in the most encomiastic manner of Mr. Clay, and used every endeavour in order to effect a mutual attachment. As soon as Mr. Clay had shut up his store, on the following eve-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

ning, Mr. Potts brought him to visit me, and resolving that our conversation should be free from interruptions, the old Gentleman and my Mother withdrew, and left us alone. I very well remember that he seated himself on the opposite side of the room; as far from me as the length of our parlor would admit, and kept at that distance as long as he stayed. The penance we endured was not, I imagine, inferior to that suffered by gay Quakers when confined to silent meeting; and the joy attendant upon our delivery was, without doubt, equal to theirs. The Old Gentleman, at their next meeting, could not but be inquisitive about the reception he met with; "Indeed" says Mr. Clay, "as kind a one as I could expect, for I did not dare to come near her, nor so much as speak to her." "Well! well"! says Mr. Potts, "if you cant speak you can write, and I will be your spokesman." Mr. Potts was as good as his word, for the next morning he visited my Mother again, and, I being present, he left nothing unsaid in order to bring the affair to a speedy and happy conclusion; and before he left us, was very desirous to know how I stood affected towards Mr. Clay. My Mother also urged me to speak, but the more inquisitive they were, the more I endeavored to suppress my opinion, but when that was no longer to be done, I plainly told them, that



## The Life of Ann Bolton

I had taken so little notice of the man, that I questioned whether I should know him, were I to see him again. This unexpected answer displeased my friend, but much more my Mother, who told me, in an angry manner, that she supposed I expected Mr. Charles Read would renew his suit at his return, but added; "I would have you think no more of him, for in all probability, before his return, he will fall in love with some new object; besides, I would not endure the contemptuous treatment you have met with from his sisters." This last part of her argument had, indeed great weight with me: besides, I knew that I was chained to the will of my Mother, and that it would prove fruitless to oppose her intention. She then began to reprove me for having favored Mr. Breton, who, she said, would have ruined me, and slighting this Gentleman who would undoubtedly make me happy.

Mr. Clay's visits were now as constant as the day, his hopes were heightened by my Mother, and he was for three months seemingly without fears. For my own part, during the whole of this time, whether in public or in private, I showed him neither disrespect nor esteem.

But now an odd adventure had, in all probability, put an entire stop to the courtship, had not the hand of Providence intervened and de-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

feated the malicious designs of the emissaries of envy. One afternoon, as my Friend Mrs. Mary Richards and I were returning from a walk into the country for our recreation, Mr. Clay's Barber met us, and having made his bow, told Mrs. R. he had a word to say to her in private. She stopped while I walked slowly on, and being at a considerable distance. (*What this adventure was we cannot further ascertain.*)

I shall now acquaint you with a most melancholy and tragical event; occasioned by the inhuman disposition of Captain Thomas Pride, who, as I before informed you, came over with Mr. Clay in order to take command of the Vessel they intended building in our Port. Introductory to this event, I will inform you that he addressed himself to the Daughter of a substantial Tanner in this City, and, unknown to the good old man, used to meet her at the house of her Uncle, who was a rich Merchant. This Uncle and his Wife highly delighted with the prospect of marrying their Niece to a man supposed to be very affluent, were not able to keep the secret, but boasted of it privately to my Mother, who soon informed Mr. Clay of the circumstance. He was very much surprised, and informed her that Captain Pride had a wife and two children in England; but requested my Mother not to mention what he had



## The Life of Ann Bolton

said as coming from him, as there were persons in the City from Liverpool who knew his Wife and children very well. My Mother observed Mr. Clays danger, and, while she concealed the source of her information, made the young Lady and her relations acquainted with their danger, and with the intrigues of the Captain.

*(The transcribing resumed after an interval of twelve years.)*

(Here follows an account of the inhuman conduct of this Captain Pride to an apprentice boy of his, of the age of fifteen or sixteen years, of which this is the substance.<sup>20</sup> The Captain who,

---

<sup>20</sup> The following, dated June 29, 1710, appears in the minutes of "Provincial Council":

"Upon the Petition of Robt. Clay, that sundry merchandizes, seized as the effects of Chetmall Pride, now a prisoner in the County Gaol, for the murdering of his apprentice, Thos. Bleasdale, may be discharged; the said merchandize being only consignments to the said Chetmall, from the Petitioner's Master, Richard Assheton, of Liverpool, Mercht. & Company in Trust, for the building them a vessel in this Place, and wch is now upon the stocks; and if the goods be not immediately sold for the carrying on of the Vessel, the interest of the employers would vry much suffer. And this Board having viewed ye Orders of the Employers & the Invoice of the goods sent to the sd Chetmall are of the opinion that the said goods, the said Chetmall having no Property therein be discharged, and that ye aforesaid Robt. Clay, the



## The Life of Ann Bolton

from what we have seen of him above, was a most vile character, spent his nights in revellings and debaucheries. This boy, as the youngest apprentice belonging to the ship was enjoined by his Master always to sit up until he returned. This he failed not to do, notwithstanding his being in a state of bad health. One night, however, the Captain coming home at the hour of two o'clock, found the boy asleep on the floor; in consequence of which he treated him with so much inhumanity and cruelty, by jumping on him, as to cause his immediate death. The Captain was arrested and imprisoned, and in a short time brought to his trial; but Mr. Clay and some others commiserating his situation, had sent off the principal witness against him to the West Indies; by which means no other punishment was inflicted on him than branding on the hand. Mr. Clay having written to England an account of this transaction, Captain Pride was dismissed by his employers, and the whole concern in relation to the ship placed in the hands of Mr. Clay.) *My Great Grandmother here remarks of Mr. Clay, he ever managed the most important affairs as well as*

---

intended Mate of the vessel, with such other persons as the gent. shall think fitt to join with him for the security of the Imployers, have the disposal of the sd Merchandize an carrying on of the vessell."



## The Life of Ann Bolton

those of smaller moments with a peculiar ease, as well as diligence and industry; so that without doubt, no one living merited that favor more than Mr. Clay did. May not his love affair in which none appeared ever to have pursued with greater eagerness and more vehement desires to have the marriage tie completed, of which he had been so long kept between fear and hope. Nor did any or all of these prevent his due attendance on his God, at those seasons appointed by our Holy Church for her public worship and service. (Captain Pride became so much the enemy of Mr. Clay by the transfer of his charge of the ship to the latter, that Mr. C. considered his life in danger, and was led to adopt measures for his preservation from the evil designs of the Captain.)

All former blustering storms (*the narrative continues*) being, as Mr. C. hoped, pretty well blown over, he began to think it now high time, if ever, to settle himself in a state of tranquility by a speedy marriage. This he had no sooner mentioned to my Mother, than she as hastily consented, and gave orders for the consummation of it without further delay. My consent was scarce asked in a matter that had already hung so long without cause in debate. The chief care now that lay on Mr. C. and my Mother was how to keep



## The Life of Ann Bolton

our marriage secret, so that he himself might be the first messenger of the news to his Father. The ceremony was performed on the sixteenth day of December, 1710, on Sunday morning between the hours of three and four o'clock in our church, that place being deemed the most proper and private. Parson Evans <sup>21</sup> attended in the church and married us, none being present besides, but the clerk who stood Father. At our return home, my Mother received us with a great deal of joy. But this secret was not so kept but that, about two weeks after, my Mothers maid by her orders, brought my nightgown into my room where she found Mr. Clay and I were or had been in bed. This obliged us to unravel the secret to her, by whom, we were well convinced it would be no longer kept. Captain Pride all this while kept in the City, but privately. Hearing, however, that Mr. Clay was married, he skulked into a tavern one evening, and there with a great assurance, sent privately to speak with Mr. Clay. Partly forgetting his late diabolical attempts on his life, Mr. Clay repaired to the tavern to hear what he had to say to him. He was scarce entered when the Captain began to fawn and cringe and make many protestations of his great regard for him, which made him, as he said, much concerned at the

---

<sup>21</sup> Rev. Evan Evans at Christ Church, Philadelphia, Pa.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

late news that he was married to Miss Ann Curtis, but hoped it was false. Mr. Clay assured him it was true, and that he thought himself one of the happiest men living, in a wife. The other answered that if all that was reported of me were true, he feared he would be one of the most miserable. Mr. Clay spoke of his own knowledge of me, and that I had the character among others of being discreet and virtuous above the generality of my sex; and that if any person were to swear to the contrary he would not believe him. However this dissembling sycophant had so artfully infused his poison; as caused Mr. Clay in spite of his reason and all his reflections to the contrary to swallow it before they parted, which was not 'till near eleven o'clock that night. Mr. Clay being at that time but little acquainted with taverns, I wondered a little at his long stay; however the sight of him made me perfectly easy. But he was scarce seated at the fireside, where my Mother and I were sitting waiting his coming home, but that she perceived an alteration in his countenance, and asked him if he was unwell, to which he made no answer: but she again and again urging him to speak the cause of his disorder, he said, cause enough. I then fixed my eyes upon him, but cannot remember that I spake so much as one word. However my Mother between anger



## The Life of Ann Bolton

and surprise soon drew enough from him to discover the whole cause of his grief and displeasure. For my part, I could only vent my sorrow in tears and deep repentence for my folly in being prevailed on to marry a man for whom I had but little love. And finding myself mistaken (as I then thought) in his merit, I looked upon myself as one of the most miserable upon earth. About twelve that night Mr. Clay and I went to bed, where I lay speechless, I think about two hours, hoping and expecting that grief would end my wretched life. Nor did Mr. Clay seem less miserable than myself. For my part I looked on him as the only real enemy that ever I had met with in the course of my short life, for I was then but nineteen and he was twenty two years of age. I got as close to the edge of the bed as I possibly could. Thus tormented were we equally on both sides, when Mr. Clay sprung to me and clasped me in his arms. After suffering in that manner about two hours torture in silent grief, he then spoke in sighs and tears, a kind of broken language, I knew not what. But all that he could say could not persuade me but that I had stood but on a slippery foundation in his affections hitherto, or it could not have been in the power of such a monster of a man so easily to have removed him. But he protested his affections on first sight of



## The Life of Ann Bolton

me had been too deeply fixed ever to be shaken, and owned his weakness in listening to the crafty insinuations of one who was himself one of the vilest debauchees in the world, and scarce thought any women virtuous because his conversation had been generally with those who were vicious. I know not that either of us closed our eyes in sleep that night; however before daybreak he beheld that monster in all his colors, and plainly saw that he was a devil in human shape; upon which the storm soon blew over on both sides, and a calm serene and clear ensued. Nor did Mr. Clay leave anything undone or unsaid to confirm himself yet more fully in my esteem, and affections, which he said he had been ever jealous, were hitherto but weak and feeble, which had always given him no little uneasiness, and like fuel to the fire had been the chief cause of his too easy listening to the crafty wiles of that infernal tempter, Captain Pride. But enough of this monster!

About this time Mr. Charles Read returned, after a losing voyage from England, for he had been cast away. However, a good estate in Philadelphia made up that loss, so that he bore it easily. He was not a little concerned (as I was afterwards informed) when he heard that I was married to Mr. Clay. He shunned our house for



## The Life of Ann Bolton

some weeks, till accidentally an opportunity brought him in company one evening with Mr. Clay at a Tavern with some other considerable Merchants in this City. Those few hours conversation brought them into a singular good liking of each other, which soon grew up into esteem. Their intimacy increasing I began to imagine that Mr. Clay must need have some hidden graces which I had not yet been able to discover, or Mr. Read could not possibly be so much enamoured with his company and conversation. In short, every days experience more and more confirmed me in my opinion of my own stupidity, and that without doubt Providence had united me to one who merited my affections to the highest degree. I had before looked upon Mr. Clay but as a stranger and one of whom I was in doubt whether we were to be happy in each other or not. But now, methought, every days experience gave me fresh instances of his merit. And he, who was quick sighted in everything especially in matters of love, soon discovered with pleasure such an alteration in my affections and behaviour towards him, as gave him just cause, as he often expressed to me, to look upon himself now as in reality the happiest of men. We began from this to speak freely to each other concerning spiritual matters, by which I soon found him not



## The Life of Ann Bolton

so much a stranger to piety and devotion as I had till then imagined. He perceived that I had always chose to be alone in the performance of my private devotion, and told me he should be glad to join with me in that sacred and solemn duty. He said he had sometimes overheard me pray extempore, and was so affected with what he had heard that he was desirous to join with me in this duty. I confess this, above all other considerations engaged me to love him more than ever: for now, methought, I saw our friendship fixed upon a basis which neither the malice of men nor devils could shake. Thus we now became not only one in flesh but also one in spirit in the Lord Jesus, on whom alone we look for redemption and salvation. But though in condescension to his request, I sometimes joined with him, and he with me in private prayer, yet I ever found myself at those times more restrained, and that I could not pour out my soul to God with that earnestness and fervour of devotion as when retired from mortal sight. But, I believed it was not so with him, but that our joint prayers helped his devotions. We usually repared to Public worship together, and together we fasted oft, and received the Sacrement of the precious Body and Blood of Christ. I each day, according to my constant custom was employed in my Mothers shop



## The Life of Ann Bolton

and household affairs; and Mr. Clay in carrying on the finishing of the ship, which I began now to see too plainly would by taking him from me, deprive me of one in whom I began too much to place my happiness and delight. For I thought it no crime but rather a virtue to love those whose virtues deserved my love, specially where that love was truly reciprocal. Nay, such was my excess in love that I thought such could not be overvalued, nor enough admired. Thus was I then, and indeed have been almost my whole life, acting the idolator, and did not know it. But, oh God, I thank Thee my eyes are now opened, and that I see all flesh as grass, and the most graceful and beautiful, but as a flower of the field, which fadeth and vanisheth away.

Dear Sir; I cannot let slip one passage in Mr. Clays' life which I have often thought, was very remarkable, and which he related to me not long after our marriage. Mr. Clay told me that about six weeks before he left Liverpool, he was seized with a fever so violent that it deprived him of all manner of strength, and of his senses for a long time; so that Mr. and Mrs. Asheton, with whom he served his time to the business of a merchant, believed he would not live; and therefore sent for his Father out of Yorkshire to see



## The Life of Ann Bolton

him before he died. Mrs. Asheton, I have often heard him say, was a pious, discreet, well tempered Gentlewoman as ever man was blessed with, and that Mr. Asheton was a good man. He said that two years before that sickness, he began to study the art of magic, and became so enamoured of the study as to aspire after nothing so much as to be a profound conjuror and fortune teller. Accordingly, he laid out all the money he could possibly spare in books of that sort, and in two years time, he had made himself Master of a great number of them. The Latin tongue he understood well, as I have been informed, which proved to be no small help to him in this wretched and useless study, of which he became so enamoured as to spend whole nights in the pursuit, almost without sleep: and thus were his imaginations bewildered when that fever took hold of him. Mrs. Asheton like a true Mother attended him constantly in his sickness. It happened one day, while she was down stairs preparing something for him, she heard him talking very loud, and knowing she had left nobody with him, concluded it was the effect of light headedness. She went upstairs with all possible speed. She asked him who he had been talking too: he said, the Devil. "He came in, said he, as soon as you went out; I saw him as perfectly as I see you, and told



## The Life of Ann Bolton

him that I did not fear him, but that I defied him, and to show him that I feared him not, and that I knew he could not hurt me, I got up and reached the chamber pot from the same side of the bed where he was sitting upon this chest (on this very part of the chest). I saw his cloven foot, but neither did that scare me." Mrs. Asheton endeavoured to persuade him he was light headed, and to compose himself; but he said he was perfectly well in his senses. Certainly it was, he said, he had not been able of a long time to help himself to the chamber pot no more than a little infant, but that a servant had during the whole time of his sickness lifted him like a child, on those occasions. From that hour he began to recover his health, in a manner merely amazing; and the first work he did was to make a sacrifice of those books which had taken up a large portion of that time which he saw plainly ought to have been better employed.

*(Here follows a long account of families in the city of Philadelphia with which the author was acquainted, and of misfortunes which befell them; particularly of a rich and beautiful widow Mrs. E.—H., who having been much admired by the gentlemen, two of them, a Mr. G—ss, and Mr. M—n (the latter a Frenchman) quarreled about*



## The Life of Ann Bolton

*the matter, and Mr. M—n having assaulted the former in the street, killed him, and fled, it was not known whither. She was afterward addressed and married by a Scotchman, a Mr. Alex. P—n, who made her for the first seven years of her marriage a most affectionate husband; but transferring his affections about that time to his Wife's daughter by a former marriage, formed with her an incestuous connection. Mrs. P—n herself was the pattern of conjugal affection, and wholly undeserving of the ill treatment she received from her husband.)*

*(Of another lady, she said, "of thirteen children which I brought into the world, she bore me company with ten of them; and saw also my anguish in seeing six of them carried off the stage in their tender infancy." In another place, she says "I have been honored, since my return to Philadelphia, with a visit from three of our Clergymen, though they did not all come at the same time. The first was the Reverend Mr. Cummins, who you must know is our grand commissary—the second Mr. Peters, and the third Mr. Ross. She speaks also of Mrs. DuCassel, of whom mention is made in a former part of this life, as the step-daughter of Anthony Morris.)*

*(I proceed to what relates to herself and Mr. Clay.)*



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Scarce three months had expired after our happy union, when Mr. Clay and I saw and felt our misery in parting from each other. He took leave of me in my chamber, seeing no way prudently to avoid the stroke, we counselled each other to solace ourselves with the prospect of our happy meeting in a short time. Thus was I left alone, unfit for business, company, or any manner of worldly diversion. However this retirement added wings to my devotion. The whole desire of my soul was for patience and submission to the Divine will. *(She then mentions Mr. Clay's return to her, in consequence of head winds, and the renewal of their grief when it became necessary that he should again take his leave. She speaks of the extravagance of her love for him, and indulges the hope of finally meeting him again, "in those blissful mansions where all tears and sighs shall cease, and everlasting spring of joy and rejoicing shall succeed in their room.")*

Sept. 12, 1739.

Sir,

In my last, you saw me parting as it were with my very self, not seeking relief in anything in this world, but devoting myself to solitude, reading, meditation and prayer. These, however, I soon



## The Life of Ann Bolton

found were not the whole of my duty; therefore, without further hesitation, I again betook myself as formerly to the care of my Mothers shop, and household affairs. Though I endeavored to hide my grief from everyone, yet I could not cover it so close but that my Mother perceived it by my nightly dreams, which were often so terrible as to awake me in tears, and sometimes shrieking and crying out. In one dream that I had, methought my Mother said to me, "I have married thee to another Christ Jesus." Though this union was I knew, desirable above all others, yet I found my affections so glued to that one inferior object as gave me cause to fear that what should have proved my greatest comfort would prove my greatest torment, not from any abatement of his affections to me, but my own over and above fondness for him, of whose company and conversation I saw I was likely to have but a small share. These thoughts revolving in my breast I saw no way but to strive to prepare myself for that world into which sorrow cannot enter. My resolutions of seeking after a better world were so fixed, that I thought little of everything in this world except that one idol, I could almost call him; and this I hoped might be a pardonable crime, since it was rather my burden than choice, and what I endeavored by all manner of means



## The Life of Ann Bolton

to conquer. But I must not omit mentioning, what was not only a great allay to my sorrows, but no small consolation to me, which was that my Mother, who had been perhaps one of the harshest and severest parents, was now become one of the fondest and most tender in the world; and well it would have been for me, but much more for herself, had she so continued to the end of her days. But of that in due place. Though I spent my days chiefly in a crowd of worldly affairs in my Mother's shop, yet in the midst of all these, my mind was much taken up in preparing my soul for another world, I do think it might be properly said, I prayed almost without ceasing. Either prayers, psalms, parts of the Scriptures, or hymns or spiritual songs were almost incessantly bringing up in my mind, and did doubtless strengthen me against approaching trials, of which I was then not aware. I constantly attended the public worship at Church, and omitted no opportunity of receiving the Sacrement. Though I chose solitude, I sometimes went abroad into the world. On one occasion, I went with our former Governors daughter to visit Madame C—ts, who at that time was visited by most of our grand ladies, as I observed afterward, to take a view of her costly furniture and rich clothing, sent her by Mr. C—ts, her husband from England. While there



## The Life of Ann Bolton

I spied, lying on a chair, a new book, neatly bound. My curiosity so far prevailed (though accounted no point of good manners) that I opened the book, and found it "Dr. Sherlock upon Death." It was the first time I had ever seen or heard of the work. At my request, the Lady very readily lent me the book, which I perused diligently and with great attention.

About this time my Mother began to employ me in making and providing all manner of necessaries for my lying-in; though this I did with the greatest secrecy taking care to have other work ready when company came in. On Friday morning November 2nd, 1711, was my son Slater Clay born, so named by his Father when he left me; or if a daughter she was to be called Hannah, after his own Mother, whose maiden name was Hannah Slater.<sup>22</sup> The child was said to be exceeding beautiful, and such I must own I thought him. I at once became one of the fondest Mothers in the world. But, however fond I was, I was yet unable to give it suck, though great attempts were made both by my Mother and myself to make me a nurse; yet all proved fruitless, for my weaknesses of body were so many and

---

<sup>22</sup> Hannah Slater. Baptized March 5, 1661. Buried July 3, 1681/2. Daughter of Jonathan Slater and Hannah Mower, of Chesterfield, England.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

so extreme, that I nearly lost my life in the attempt, and doubtless should have lost it, had not my Mother been less cruel than a certain female monster would have persuaded her to be, who said that if I were a daughter of hers, I should give suck to my child if he sucked me to death. I do very well remember a swarm of busybodies babbled about that for a long time. And such creatures usually 'till then got the ascendent over my Mother, especially if it were in a matter against me. Of this lovely Babe I grew so fond that I could not bear it out of my sight. My Mother was also very fond of the dear infant; so she proposed nursing it herself as Naomi nursed the child of her daughter-in-law Ruth. So from that time my Mother took it into her bosom, and often did we struggle and nearly contend who should nurse it, she or myself. However this little image was not so fixed in my heart but that there was as large a share of affection for its Father as ever. I received many kind and tender letters from him, but they rather augmented than assuaged my grief; for though they gave me hopes of a speedy and happy meeting, yet the thoughts of soon parting again of which they made mention threw a damp over all my joy. About three months after my delivery, my health being extremely weak and delicate, I received a



## The Life of Ann Bolton

letter from Mr. Clay which gave me hopes of his arrival as soon as that could come to hand. This gave me some strength, and I began by little and little to recover a small share of health, though yet in much weakness, when a letter was put into my hand from his former Mistress Mrs. A—s— of whose beauty I have already said much in praise, and whom I found, fame had not flattered when I afterwards saw her in Liverpool, for she seemed to be, as I then thought altogether lovely. From her, I say, a letter written in odd sort of character, and directed to my dear Mr. Clay, was, by what infernal agent I know not conveyed to me.

*(The loss of a leaf or leaves interrupts the narrative.)*

---

1739.

My dear Mr. Clay had no sooner retired with me from the crowd of visitors who came to congratulate himself and me on his safe return; and given solemn thanks to God in private (which he soon repeated in our church in public) for his happy return, than he recounted to me his many dangers and escapes, which might indeed have filled a book of no small size, but of which for brevity's sake, I shall mention only what was



## The Life of Ann Bolton

really remarkable, and ought not, I think, to be buried in silence. He said, he had indeed met with an enemy, but that his enemy was also one of the most generous ones. That his vessel, of which he himself was a considerable owner, was taken with all the cargo by the Spaniards, and that to his own share he had lost near four hundred pounds, for she was not insured. But, the Captain had no sooner taken possession of all than he gave orders that none should molest Mr. Clay, but he should go into his cabin, or state-room, and clothe himself as he thought proper, which he did with rings and other things of value in his pockets. All which the Captain himself observed, and let him keep possession of all, except a very curious snuff box, which Mr. Clay had bought for me. The Captain was going to take it from him, but he begged him to let him have that, saying 'twas his wife's box; so he returned it. But his fine holland shirts, curious broadcloth clothes and wig, hat, silk stockings etc., suitable he put on him, and was sent away with great marks of civility to old France, where he was kept prisoner at large, and five shillings sterling per day allowed him for expenses. But, though these were favors from an enemy that could scarce have been expected, yet the being a prisoner, though but in name, could not, he said,



## The Life of Ann Bolton

but he irksome to him, especially in that he was debarred the sight and enjoyment of me and his dear infant, of whom he had received my account long before. However accident, or rather the appointment of Providence so ordered it that as he was one day pensively walking the street, a Gentleman in his chariot stopped, and very kindly inquired the cause of his being there. Mr. Clay gave the Gentleman a short but particular account of his misfortunes, and that the cause of his being detained a prisoner was, that he could by no means get an opportunity of conveying himself to Philadelphia. Mr. Clement Lampier, for that was the name of the Gentleman, generously offered to take him to Lisbon in his chariot in company only with himself and his charioteer. It is impossible to express Mr. Clay's joy at this kind and generous offer, which he with acknowledgements accepted of, and instantly proceeded on his journey to Lisbon, where he had no reason to doubt of a speedy opportunity to this place. As he had wished and hoped, so it proved. But I cannot pass over in silence the generosity and liberality of that Gentleman, who, after he had entertained Mr. Clay as His friend, with all imaginable freedom, civility and respect, offered and promised to build a ship in this place, of which he might take the command, with many other gener-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

ous offers. He lent him also forty moidores, that so he might not come home empty handed. Nor can I omit mentioning with what singular respect and regard that same great man sometime after wrote to me. His letter I answered, though not without much difficulty and some blushing, not being used to write to persons of such grandeur, character and station in the world. With regard to the ship he was to build for Mr. Clay, goods and effects arrived in order that Mr. Clay might build that ship, which was designed to be very large; but one circumventing creature overturned all Mr. Lampier's measures and intentions of serving Mr. Clay, and he, the Captain referred to, engrossed the whole affair into his own hand. But the underhand dealer is often punished in this world: and so it was here. This poor unhappy man, not contented, as was credibly affirmed, with moderate profits, stove the ship upon a rock on her second voyage from Lisbon, when she had much money on board. One strong box of the specie he shipped afterwards to his wife. In order to amuse the men, he suffered them to pick up some loose pieces of coin, in hopes that their tongues would thereby be stopped. But, his abominable sin was soon found out, and he was punished as it were from the presence of the Lord. For though he had known nothing but a long suc-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

cession of prosperity, health in his dwellings, and success in all that he had put his hand unto, yet now all became, as it were blasted in a moment; so that from a fair estate and flourishing as any family in the city, they became mean and contemptible even to the lowest degree. But enough of them, for I think there remains not now so much as one living branch of their once large family, nor the least remains of his once great house, which was consumed in flames soon after his death.

But, now to return to my dear Mr. Clay, who received many letters from his Father and friends at home, declaring their great satisfaction in his marriage, and singular pleasure in his conduct, notwithstanding his misfortune of being taken by the Spaniards. And again they sent letter after letter to persuade his return to England, and to bring me with him. But, he seemed to be deaf to all their entreaties, as well as their fine and plausible proposals; for as Philadelphia was, as he said, the place which he had at first sight chose to reside in, so he determined now not to be altered from his purposes, but to settle here, though he took up with employment much below anything that his Father and friends from England had offered him. And, being of a humour that hated to be idle, he purchased a sloop, called the Eagle,



## The Life of Ann Bolton

and in her he merely flew, as it were to the West Indies, England, Ireland, and hither in a wonderful short time. But his friends and Father again pressing his return, he wrote them upon mature deliberation, and consultation with me, that he would now, if they thought proper, accept of their generous and advantageous offers. His eldest sister wrote me also a very affectionate and complacent letter, expressing her and their entire satisfaction in their brothers choice, and repeated invitations to come to England with him. All this, methought, brought me a little acquainted with them, and seeing I had nothing to object, I was almost prevailed on to consent to the departure, of which there seemed speedy preparation, for a large cargo of goods was shipped for them to him (which arrived safely) with orders for him to build a ship of what dimensions he should think best; and having the whole consigned to himself so he was to be whole and sole manager. Without delay the ship was mounted on the stocks, and built with the greatest expedition. When they were upon the finishing stroke, my dear Mr. Clay began to talk very closely with my Mother and me concerning my going to England with him in that ship. But, as I saw but little probability of it at that time, so I made but little answer, for I was lying-in of my third child, which



## The Life of Ann Bolton

was a daughter called Hannah.<sup>23</sup> My second son Robert,<sup>24</sup> so named after his Father, was born about a year before, and died soon after his birth. My little daughter dying also when she had scarce reached the age of three days, I had then no clog or difficulty in the way, as my dear Mr. Clay observed to me, but an extreme weak body, and instead of gathering strength I grew more and more weak, as has generally been the case with me, with almost all my children; so that when the generality of my sex are preparing to sit up in great order for visitors, I have been generally, and was so at that time, almost in a dying condition, the sight of which filled my dear Mr. Clay with no little concern and grief. However, after wearing away five weeks in this languishing state, I began to recover a little strength, and by the assistance of my dear Mr. Clay was conducted with great care and tenderness aboard his new ship, which wanted for no necessary accommodation to make me as easy and happy as I could possibly be, considering my sickness and ill state of body. Thus on the fifth day of September, 1714, we set sail, leaving my native country, my friends and acquaintances; my Mother, and

---

<sup>23</sup> Hannah Clay. Born July 30, 1714. Died August 1, 1714.

<sup>24</sup> Robert Clay. Born 1713. Buried 5 mo. 5, 1713.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

above all my son Slater, the very life of my soul in his Father's absence. But all regrets of this sort were overpowered by the satisfaction that I was to be continued in the company of the man I loved, methought, more than my life. For long living together had not, as is often the case lessened, but heightened our friendship and esteem for each other; for as our love was genuine so was it also reciprocal, nor could it be known even by ourselves which of us exceeded in that pure and tender passion. Mother, and dear Slater (whom she had prevailed on us, notwithstanding our extreme fondness of him, to leave with her) attended us with Mr. Charles Read and his spouse, Mrs. Newman and her sister Huddy, stayed with us one night. And most delightfully did the ship sail down the stream, with wind and tide in our favor. The next day Mother and child, friends and relatives, all took a most solemn leave and left my dear Mr. Clay and myself to solace ourselves alone from all other company in our sweet retirement. I remember well, when he had been standing on the ships roundhouse looking upon them as they on him, taking a long farewell of each other, he flew to me in the stateroom; from whence I was not able to stir, and clasping me in his arms, "Nanny," said he, "I love you ten thousand times better than ever I did, and do think



## The Life of Ann Bolton

myself the happiest of men in being possessed of such a companion; nor shall any cross accidents, I hope, ever be a means of lessening our love for each other." As I thought much of it at that time, so since I have been surprized at the thoughts of his exact and wise management of himself and little family, which, I think with myself and maid and the little cabin boy was twelve in number. Quiet and sweet content seem to sit on the brow of everyone and to belong to everyone except two. One was the carpenter of the ship, who had been once a faithful servant to Mr. Clay, but now giving himself much to drink, he had twice set his cabin on fire, by which the ship was in great danger; but Mr. Clay having timely noticed, it was soon extinguished; and I think I can say I never saw him in a passion the whole voyage except the last time in seeing our danger through the drunkenness of the dog, as Mr. Clay called him. However at the first convenient port, he discharged him. And the other left us, who, as Mr. Clay's men said, held a correspondence with the Devil, nor was he ever scarcely heard to speak but when alone upon the top masthead, or other places of the ship in private. And indeed, as I often observed to Mr. Clay, his very look, speech, and countenance had something in it uncommonly inhuman and nearly diabolical. The weather was



## The Life of Ann Bolton

exceeding pleasant for the first three days of our voyage, but after that a storm arose which was, as I have heard Mr. Clay several times say, the most violent he had even known. I remember one night about twelve was above the rest terrible. I kept watch, because I could not sleep. The winds, thunderings, and rain, resembled methought, the breaking up of the great deep, when only Noah and his Ark were saved from perishing. My surprise was so great that I awoke Mr. Clay from sleep, nor was it lessened when he sprang from me, and as it were, flew upon deck, as he was, with scarcely anything to shroud him from the extremity of the weather. Nor was anyone on board, who knew how to handle a rope less active, I believe, than himself. For my part I flew to my usual refuge in such like exigencies, even to my God, confessing my sins, and imploring of Him their pardon. While thus engaged, and after the lapse of at least half an hour, to my inexpressible joy, Mr. Clay returned to me. All wet as he was, I embraced him, and received him really as one risen from the dead! This storm blown over, in about a week after I began to recover a little better health, and seeing with what ease the skillful mariner managed and governed his ship, I told my dear Mr. Clay I had a mind to learn the art of navigation, to which he readily con-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

sented, merrily adding that I should become his Mate. I immediately commenced to study, and made in it rapid progress.

About three weeks from Philadelphia we arrived safely at Viana in Portugal. Two Priests came on board, not so much (as I was told afterwards) to give us their blessing, as to search for what they called heretical books. However, I could not but venerate them in consideration of their character as clergymen, though it were of the Romish religion. My dear Mr. Clay and I were conducted with great civility by one Mr. Beasley, Merchant of that place, to his own house, and there received by other two merchants, viz. Bamburgh and Clies, partners of Mr. Beasley, whose Lady received me with singular civility and respect, upon her coming home from their country seat, which was a pleasant place about a mile from their house. I was delighted, on opening the window of my chamber next morning, with the sight and smell of their garden of orange, lemon, and lime trees. But what was still more delightful was an open Book-case, well stored with good books. On Stanhope's Comments, in four volumes, on the Epistles and Gospels, I spent much time, having never before seen them. But, though they had plenty of good and useful books, yet I never saw anyone of them made use of in the family,



## The Life of Ann Bolton

either by the Masters, Mistress, or servants. Children they had two, a pretty son and daughter, about four or five years old, but no more instructions were bestowed on them than if they had been created for nothing but to eat, drink, sleep and be waited on. (She goes on to mention that they were only three English families in the place, that in storing away some wheat, the joists gave way, and buried a young English Gentleman in the ruins, whose corpse, with that of another Gentleman who died about the same time, was carried by night to a desolate island (the Catholics not permitting Protestants to bury in Holy ground) and that Mr. Clay acted as Chaplain by reading the funeral service.) While here I wrote a letter to my Aunt, who was a Quaker; and as my love to her was very great, so my letter swelled into a little book, persuading her to set her affections less on the things of this world, and more on those that belonged to her everlasting peace. And, because I thought her, not only too negligent in practice, but erroneous also in principles, I enlarged much on those things, in which I think the Spirit gave me utterance. Of this book, as I was informed, she made no better use than to tear it in pieces for the winding of yarn on, and such like purposes. She died some years after under great horrors of conscience.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Our stay in Viana was prolonged by reason of their vintage having failed that year, so that wines were scarcely to be had. However in about ten weeks my dear Mr. Clay got pretty well loaded, and we set sail for London, where we arrived safely, after near three weeks tossing and tumbling on the wide ocean, a few days before the coronation of our royal Sovereign George the First. A great fire had broken out and burned abundance of buildings near the tower, the rooms of which we saw at our landing, and the smoke of which still darkened the air, though the flames were then extinguished. We lodged in little Tower street at one Mr. Fieldings; in a large and handsome house, where I observed an uncommon seriousness in the family, which I soon learned, was occasioned by their late fire. But, I was glad to see the appearance of religion and devotion in the Landlady of the house, who was a Gentlewoman of pretty good sense, and notable behaviour. But, this was the least part of my joy; for here I found joys of a more durable nature than could possibly be centered in any bliss from Mortal objects, even the joy of meeting my Lord in the assemblies of his Saints, returning him thanks with my dear Husband, for all the blessings of our whole lives, but more particular for bringing us once more to partake of the Blessed



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Body and Blood of our Lord Christ, in whom alone we found our redemption and sanctification sealed. We found this City abounding indeed with altars to the true God. How different from Portugal where we saw altars and crosses set up at the corner of almost every street, with their Latin inscriptions on the top of them, which made them appear little better than those spoken of by Saint Paul as dedicated to "The Unknown God." However, I must own, that even this blessed City, I could not but think their Cathedral worship had in it too much pageantry and will worship; which made me, after being, once at Saint Pauls, choose their smallest and most retired churches. Often I went to their evening lectures in a small church very near to our lodging, and was much edified with the sound and plain discourses of one whom I thought a good Minister. Though I loved the organs, and believe ever shall; for I think the sound of them, joined with harmonious voices, gives one an idea of the joys of Heaven, where every voice shall be tuned everlastingly to the praise and glory of God. In this great city I found myself happily freed from those restraints as in Portugal, where the Ladies are scarcely permitted to hold conversation with the Gentlemen, and seldom suffered to go abroad; and then not without a close veil. I was obliged to comply with



## The Life of Ann Bolton

the customs, whenever I was led abroad by the Lady of the house, and an English Gentleman of her acquaintance. As to their being seen seldom abroad, it was what I highly commended, nor was there veil displeasing, but highly pleasing to me. But, I had liked to have passed over what once surprized me much in Portugal. As I was viewing a small but neat Chapel, my companion pointing to a picture of, as I thought, a venerable aged man, asked me who I thought it was; but whilst I was gazing steadfastly on the picture, not knowing what to answer, she carelessly answered that it was the picture of God! At which my soul was struck down with horror, that ever daring wretches should have the presumption to picture the Ancient of days? What is this but looking, nay presuming to enter the Holy of Holies! But, I have now done with this place Viana, only that I observed with grief that my dear Mr. Clay could not escape the place without being ensnared a little in its corruptions. But, as Mentor was to Telemachus, so was I to him, pulling him back when I saw him near danger; and this comfort I enjoyed that as my admonitions were to him in the utmost privacy, so he took them all thankfully, and with the most kind returns of love. But, had he, instead of kind, made ungrateful returns, yet I should, as Mentor did, have continued my cau-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

tions and admonitions. For as I had been from my earliest childhood, inured to hardships, griefs, and disappointments, I had attained to a strength which was not to be easily shaken.

We had not been many days in London when Mr. Fleetwood, a Gentleman of good education, and well acquainted in all the arts of fine breeding, (accomplishments I shall ever admire and love), invited Mr. Clay and me to see the City's rarities, and offered himself as our guide. At Mr. Clay's desire I went accordingly with himself and the Gentleman, I was not a little delighted with the most of what I saw. Among other places we visited Westminster Abbey, a place that might afford matter for contemplation and wonder for years. I was much startled at the sight of General Monk, dressed in royal robes, and made in waxworks, so to the life, that at first sight I thought it to be no less a person than a living Prince or King. Part of two days Mr. Clay and I spent in this manner, led from one beautiful prospect to another by this civil and very obliging Gentleman, who though a stranger to me, was yet acquainted with Mr. Clay. The next entertainment proposed by the Gentleman was to see a play, which was that evening to be acted at the Theatre Royal (I think it was called) ; and here he conducted us at the proper time, and seated us in



## The Life of Ann Bolton

a convenient and proper place. But, whether what I had before seen at Westminster Abbey and elsewhere, or my stupidity, or whether my natural aversion to such mimicry and antic gestures, for it was "The Fair Quaker of Veal," a comedy, that was that night acted, or whether a sense of religion made such representations uninteresting to me; yet so it was that I derived no pleasure from the performance. The blazing torches in great abundance illuminated the scene, methought represented Hell; and the stage players, as well as those who thus spent their money and their time more precious than money, brought the day of judgment to my view, and thoughts of what must be the doom of such time wasters.

A few days after this I was agreeably amused with a prospect from a window in the Royal Exchange, where I beheld the Gentlemen and men of business each one employed with his companions of like occupation in inquiring concerning their affairs of trade. They resembled, methought, a hive of bees, where everyone is needfully employed in keeping up their little commonwealth, and supporting it in its necessary state of grandeur. I took a view of the curiosities in, and about this same Royal Exchange, and from the mouth of my forementioned informer, the Gentleman, was agreeably entertained with stories of the



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Kings, and various other things that were fixed in effigy in and about this very spacious building.

In less than three weeks Mr. Clay was ready for his departure for Liverpool; and I was pretty well tired of London, not with viewing its rarities, but with the rattling of coaches, and the noise of the multitude. Mr. Clay proposed to me to visit Bedlam; but a view of its outside was enough for me. However, I thought my time well bestowed in viewing Christ Church hospital, and Greenwich Hospital, and the rarities in and about those buildings, with the decent order that appeared among the children of the first, and the sick and maimed soldiers and others in the latter. Also Hyde Park and Greenwich Park afforded a most delightful prospect. My curiosity being at length pretty well tired, and my dear Mr. Clay ready to sail, I stepped into my quiet and silent retreat, once again blessed with his conversation, free, from noise or hurry of every kind. As my dear Mr. Clay let no opportunity slip of entertaining me with all the varieties both by water and land that he was capable of, so now no ship, shark, or any other curiosity appeared but I was called to take a view of it. And, indeed, much I saw on that wide and spacious ocean to afford matter for contemplation, love, and wonder, and adoration to its Divine Original. I often won-



## The Life of Ann Bolton

dered how seamen of all men could be profane, or negligent in the knowledge and worship of the God that made them!

In the beginning of March, 1715, my dear Mr. Clay arrived safe in Liverpool, where he was immediately visited by two of the principle owners of the ship, vis.—Mr. Thomas and Mr. Gregory Rhodes, Merchants in Liverpool. The former kindly took us to his house, where we were freely and generously entertained by himself and kind spouse, and in a short time after, by his Father, brother, and two sisters. The owners were wonderfully pleased with the ship, and in the settlement of accounts presented me with plate to the amount of ten pounds sterling. I thought Liverpool resembled in beauty, though not in regularity of the streets, sweet and delightful Philadelphia. I strove as much as possible to shut out the melancholy prospect of my dear Mr. Clay's leaving me, and appeared cheerful and easy in all companies. But, the nearer the time came for his departure the more I dreaded his leaving me. Not that I much regarded being left in a strange land; for I had long found that all places were to me alike, strange where he was absent, and agreeable where he was present. I knew too that I was in the hands of my God, and that without his Divine permission no harm could happen to me.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

Mr. Clay's Father seeing, as he said, that I would be lonesome in a strange place, in my Husband's absence, kindly invited me to his house to stay 'til his return. This indeed proved not a little shocking! For I disliked to refuse; and yet I had no wish to be beholden to one who was but a Stepmother, and of whom I had often heard Mr. Clay say, that she had never been a hearty friend to him, but ever the reverse. Finding, however, there was no contending with hard Fate, thither I went in a few days, after the departure of my dear Mr. Clay, attended by their servant man and my husband's sister. The journey I found hard and difficult to one of my weak and tender constitution, especially as my body was loaded with the weight of an excessively heavy heart. I was then three months gone with child, and as that condition with me was always attended with many weaknesses from first to last, so now I rode along heavy and tired, though the beast on which I rode was as easy as possible, and the company of my sister-in-law and her man, pleasant and civil enough. It was about the middle of May. The way for the first twelve miles was bedecked with beautiful fields, and meadows the richest that I ever beheld. The kine fat and large, feeding in great abundance afforded a very pleasant prospect. But after this



## The Life of Ann Bolton

our way was more and more rough. However, on the third day at night we got in safety to our journeys' end in the town of Sheffield, famous for its hardware and cuttlery. Here I saw the industrious labourer at the anvil, and was annoyed by the smoke and noise of the town. My home was about a half mile from the town, in a place surrounded by fruitful fields, orchards and with a grove of ancient oak trees called the wood, all belonging to this habitation, which appeared as it really was a seat for delight and where I could have spent my whole life, as in a garden of paradise, had I been but blest with the society of my beloved friend and husband. But wanting that, my time passed away in sadness, and melancholy. I prayed incessantly for patience and resignation to the will of my Heavenly Father; but methought the more I sought after these graces the more they fled from me. In this manner did I wear away six months with that family, of which I can with truth say, that it was one of the most uniform and best governed that I have ever seen. The father like the son was a pattern of conjugal affection, a kind and gentle master, and a most tender and indulgent father. He was a pattern of piety and devotion in his family, as well as exemplary in his attendance with them, every Sunday at church; and of such firm and steady



## The Life of Ann Bolton

health that I never knew him in any way confined by sickness, though his business called him some miles from home two days in the week, to take care of his lead mines and coal pits, of which he had shares of many in and about Derbyshire and Yorkshire, in one of which places he himself was born, and had resided. Liverpool in Lancashire being the farthest of his travels, and that but seldom, on the arrival of his son there, etc. His children by his last wife who was then living, fifteen in number, were born in Yorkshire, but my husband in Derbyshire. However, his Father being an active man, and of a sprightly genius and temper, liked best that his sons, after bestowing on them a handsome education, as well in the languages as in genteel and good breeding, should go abroad. His daughters also were well educated in the best schools in and about that place, as well as by their Mother in all the parts of good house wifery, so that they were fit for wives for either the city Gentleman or country peasant; nor did they want for a reasonable share of beauty and good sense. My room was private, yet not so as to render it too solitary, but placed according to my humor retired in the most delightful part of that large and handsome dwelling. I had my choice of either of my sisters to sleep with me, and having made trial of both, I chose



## The Life of Ann Bolton

her that lay most still and quiet when asleep. The servants were all obliging to me; and not one angry word from my Mother-in-law was I ever alarmed with, but when I came from my retirement, she always appeared easy, and talked pleasantly to me. Thus, as I was going to say before, I passed six months, when I received a letter from my Brother, (*John Curtis*) in London, wherein he expressed much of his desire of seeing me. The letter I showed to my Father-in-law who with his wife and daughters expressed their joint good inclinations of seeing him there, and of which they desired me to acquaint him by the first post. Accordingly I did so. My Brother at the time was Mate to Captain John Richmond. Upon the receipt of my letter, he came equipped in a fine plain suit of broadcloth, with a good wig, holland shirts, and everything answerable. So that he really appeared in a manner pleasing to me, plain yet completely well dressed. He had not been long there before he began with my approbation to make suit to my eldest sister-in-law, who at the very first entertained him with no show of dislike, and in a short time with such love and affection as to give her consent to be his wife, upon condition that the consent of her Father and Mother could be had, the obtaining of which was my Brothers next business. But,



## The Life of Ann Bolton

they being unwilling to part with their daughter, at such a distance as America, gave him a denial. My Brother being one that never in his life could brook contradiction, or have his humor crossed by anybody, made no longer stay, but taking a handsome leave of my Father-in-law and the family, and giving generously his money to the servants, he departed, leaving me half dead with concern at parting.

The birth of my dear Tommy<sup>25</sup> was on the first of September, about two months before, of which I had recovered better than usual on such occasions. Had not my excessive fondness for him constrained me to break through every consideration of weakness that had prevented me from acting as a nurse to my former three children that were born to me in Philadelphia, I might have gathered strength sooner. At the expiration of four weeks my nurse left me in a tolerable state of recovery, and my Mother-in-law instantly went to town and sought out a young maid to attend upon me and my child, whose name was Anne Crow, and of whom I can never think but with satisfaction, she being a most valuable girl, though scarcely fourteen years old. And happy it was for me that I had at that time one so

---

<sup>25</sup> Thomas Clay. Born September 1, 1715. Died 1744. Married Mary Wilmer.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

suitable, and so diligent, and careful of me and my child; as for me I grew every day more and more weak, and had a continual fever or sweating. My appetite was almost gone and sleep fled from me, so that when my child was about three months old, I was nearly in a dying condition. But never, I believe, was child more easy and quiet, which was no small ease. But as for ease I expected none but in death. As the Doctor was visiting one of the family who was unwell, my Mother-in-law, unknown to me, desired him to step into my room, and see me. I was laid upon my bed in a very low and languishing condition. The Doctor looked on me with some earnestness, felt my pulse, and without speaking one word to me, or I to him, departed, and inquired of my Mother-in-law whether I gave suck to the child. She told him I did. He said if I continued so to do, I would live very little longer. All this My Mother-in-law told me, and advised me instantly to wean the child, which I did, though not without great reluctance, for never had Mother delighted more in nursing her child than myself. My child had been scarce weaned a month, till my strength was in a tolerable degree returned, and that I ate and looked better. My Mother-in-law proposed a nurse for my child, but I told her with what ease and delight both to ourselves and the child my Mother



## The Life of Ann Bolton

and myself had nursed and brought up my son Slater, who had always been from his birth as hearty and healthy a child as any in Philadelphia. My child was scarcely two weeks weaned when he was taken with the smallpox which prevailed around us, and proved generally fatal, especially among children. He became alarmingly ill; and none but a Mother can tell what were my feelings, in the prospect of losing so promising a child. But it pleased God to restore him to health, a blessing for which I had fervently prayed, and for which I now render to the Lord my thanksgivings. My own health also became so far restored that at the approach of Spring I was able to attend public worship, a man and a horse being always at my service on those occasions. Otherwise I went little abroad: only my curiosity led me twice I think, to visit Esquire Lacy, at the request of my Mother and daughters to accompany them; of which opportunity I was glad, having read part of one of his books, and heard much of that extraordinary person from my Mother-in-law and sisters; for he, and his wife and two young children had lived near a year in their house, and now lived about a half a mile off at a pretty neat retired place.—\* \* \*

At the approach of Spring I often thought of returning to Liverpool with my sweet child,



## The Life of Ann Bolton

that I might be conveyantly settled at my Husbands arrival, which I mentioned to my Father-in-law, but he with his wife and daughters urged my stay till the weather was more settled and seasonable, and the roads better. But, seeing me earnest to be gone, about the latter end of March, everything was ordered suitable for my journey. I must own the thoughts of parting with the family wherein I had been so agreeably entertained was not a little grievous, a family that I left as I found it, quiet, easy and regular; no waste or no want was seen within those walls, nor no complaint that ever I could discern, either in speech or look among any of the servants. One servant women, who was deaf and dumb, had lived with them more than twenty years. She was then old, and notwithstanding her impediments, was a true and steady drudge. The family was eleven in number, besides workmen that were hired on extraordinary occasions. I remember a sort of tailor they used to hire to mend old clothes, and do common work, who was in the habit of asking me many questions about my country, and whether we dressed and talked as they did; (and dun yoe tauken as we doe; or did yoe lorn to tauken so as yoe dun in Lundun, or in Lankashire, or since yoe cum to this huse?) Seeing him a little awkward in contriving and



## The Life of Ann Bolton

cutting out a nightgown, I told him if he pleased I would show him my way of doing it. When he saw how readily I went about the work, he seemed greatly amazed, and readily owned my skill to be better than his.

It could not but be reasonably supposed that after living so long as near eleven months in such an agreeable family I must part with them with regret. I left them about the latter end of March, 1716, attended by the same man who had brought me thither. He was their gardener, and looked after the chief of affairs of husbandry, about their place. He was extremely careful of me and my tender babe, and very modest and civil in his behaviour. My Husband's eldest sister accompanied me, with my little maid, whom I found willing to leave her parents and relations to follow me into any part of the world. My journey proved of service to my health and strength. My eyesight, from the time of my giving suck to my child, to my return to Liverpool again, was so weak that it was with the utmost difficulty that I could write tho, but a short letter as I sometimes did to my Mother. It was the same with sewing or reading. However, I did enough of every sort of womens work to let them see that I had not been educated in ignorance or sloth.

I had been settled but a short time in my new



## The Life of Ann Bolton

habitation in Liverpool, when I was once more blessed with the sight and conversation of my dear Mr. Clay. He was pleased with my choice of a house and with furniture, which was neat and good and plain. Exceeding fond he was of our lovely son, and pleased with the name of Thomas, which his Grandfather who stood Godfather gave him at his baptism, which was performed by the minister of the place before some more witnesses in his own house, when the child was about two weeks old. The time of his stay slid on almost insensibly, only the reflections of his departure often started uppermost, and stung us with mutual grief. However that grief he often allayed with declarations that he would settle himself on shore after the voyage which was then laid out for him, and which he could not avoid without giving offense to his Father who was a considerable owner and Mr. Thomas Seele, who was chief owner and his particular friends.

My dear Mr. Clay and I had scarce enough as we thought recounted each others adventures since our last parting, when he was again called away. It was a separation which, even more than in my case, weighed down his spirits. He was swallowed up with overmuch sorrow, as was remarked by others as well as myself, and which seemed to be a foreboding of the ills which followed. When



## The Life of Ann Bolton

he was about to take his final leave of me, for it proved to be his last, he received a letter from Mr. Charles Read of Philadelphia, informing us of our son Slater's health and welfare, and of my Mother's marriage,<sup>26</sup> after having been ten years a widow, and after having made many solemn declarations that she would remain such through life, and give up her business, which was very advantageous, into the hands of my husband. In the hope that she would fulfill this promise we had long flattered ourselves with the prospect of being soon settled in sweet and delightful Philadelphia. But we saw our hopes blasted in this my Mothers marriage to Mr. Joseph Wood of New Castle; a marriage which she herself had declared against with the utmost vehemance. My dear Husband mourned his disappointment even to excess. As to myself, I was used to disappointment. But when I considered my Mothers irretrievable ruin in that marriage, I could not but grieve on a view of her miseries much more than at any loss thereby to us, as to worldly substance. Mr. Clay was the more grieved on account of the many promises she had made to him, and of which he had spoken to his Father and friends, and which he now saw would

---

<sup>26</sup> She married Joseph Wood in 1714. He died before 1723.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

end only in shame and confusion. He told me, indeed, it was not the loss of what my Mother promised, about which he cared, so much as our disappointment of the happiness we had promised to ourselves in living happily together the remainder of our lives in a place dear to us both. From all this I took occasion to speak of the vanity of human life in general, and that we were to look in this world for little but griefs, and losses, and disappointments, and that I wished nothing so much as that we might strive whether absent or present to prepare for that world the joys of which are without end. You, Sir, that are not only my friend, but Physician too, can understand what I say, and could put my words in better form than I am able to express them, not only on this occasion but also on all others. But as I am writing to my Friend and Physician, I am not anxious about approving myself in terms nice and curious. To be understood is my principal wish.

*(My Great Grandmother here enters into a long account of ladies in Liverpool with whom she became acquainted, and particularly a Mrs. Alice Hurst, widow of Alderman Thos. Hurst, of whom she speaks as a lady "rich, wise, and pious." Mrs. Williamson was another of her friends for whom she had a high regard. Mrs. W., is mentioned on*



## The Life of Ann Bolton

a certain occasion as saying of Mrs. Clay that "she wrote the best hand, and possessed the best sense of any women she ever knew," and on another occasion commended her neatness by saying, "though the weather or streets be ever so dirty, no dirt will stick to Mrs. Clay." My Great Grandmother mentions also that her husbands Father was married twice,<sup>27</sup> and that he was the only child of the first wife, and that their fifteen or sixteen children by his second wife, all of whom died before the age of twenty eight years, with the exception of one son a Physician,<sup>28</sup> then thirty years old, and one daughter then living, and who was about three years older than the writer of this life.) Of all that large family of children (continues the narrative), I lamented none so much after my dear Mr. Clay, as the eldest son Rawson, who was a most beautiful and promising youth as ever I saw in my life. But when he grew up to be useful to his Father, he was drawn into vain company, who were his ruin, to the great discontent and grief of his Father; who, indeed reaped so little comfort from his children at a time when he most needed it, as nearly drove him to distraction. However, if riches can make

---

<sup>27</sup> Second marriage to Joanna Rawson, daughter of John Rawson.

<sup>28</sup> Joseph Clay of Bridge House.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

people happy, there is yet enough of that for those children who are yet living.

(My Great Grandmother sailed from Liverpool in the ship *William* in 1719, and after an unpleasant voyage of seven or eight weeks, arrived in Virginia, where she received many attentions from a Col. Lee and other families. She left there for Philadelphia, April 15, 1720, in eight days reached Bohemia Landing, and after a pleasant voyage arrived in New Castle.) Here (continues the narrative) I and my child were received by my Mother with every expression of joy. My Step-Father also received me with much respect. My dear son Slater was then in Philadelphia, but was soon brought to me. I received and embraced him joyfully, but not being four years old when his Father and I left him with his Grandmother, he had entirely forgotten me. My Mother being anxious to have me near her, sought out for me a congenial house, and soon found one handsome, and in a pleasant part of New Castle. I found time and absence had made in me no alteration as to subjection to my Mother; so that though I should have preferred to reside in Philadelphia, yet here I was willing to stay, since I saw 'twas the will of my Mother to have it so. Accordingly my Mother hired for me a house for twenty pounds a year, but it belonging



## The Life of Ann Bolton

to a Presbyterian, and a Presbyterian Minister wishing to have it, he was preferred before me, to the no small vexation of my Mother. She, therefore consented to my going to Philadelphia, which I did after a few weeks stay in New Castle. My Step-Father became very fond of me, and by setting me as a pattern for his daughters who were not very prudent, I incurred their dislike. My Step-Father and Mother were too fond of Slator to part with him; so that taking my dear Tommy, accompanied by my Mother, I went to Philadelphia, where I met with many kind salutations from my former friends and acquaintances. We were kindly invited to the house of Mr. Jos. Budd and wife, where we stayed. In two or three days, my Mother provided for me a handsome chamber, shop, etc., in the house of Austin Parris, bell founder, where she agreed with him and his wife for my own and child's board, at so much per week. And now I was once more settled in the delightful employment of shop keeping. My Mother was in hopes of getting for me a convenient house in a short time. I had not been long in Philadelphia, before I became acquainted with a gentleman whom Providence had designed for my Husband, as I found in the conclusion, though he of all who soon became pretenders to love, was in the first instance my aversion. (*To the gentle-*



## The Life of Ann Bolton

man here alluded to, Mr. Robt. Bolton, my Grandmother after much hesitation and wavering, was married on Sunday, the nineteenth, Febr. 1721. She speaks of him as pious, and of a sweet disposition, and as acting the part of a Father to her children. He was born in the same year with her former husband (1688) had the same Christian name, and was from the same part of England (Yorkshire) a small stream only dividing their native places.)

I have thus brought the life of my much honored Great Grandmother down to the period of her marriage to Mr. Bolton. I might still go on copying but the greater part of the only remaining manuscript that has escaped the ravages of time, and the carelessness of former possessors, is taken up with large extracts from history. So much of her life has been lost that we know nothing of the events by which it was marked from the time of her marriage with Mr. Bolton, in the year 1721 down to about 1740. In this intermediate period, her Mother must have died,<sup>29</sup> and her son Slator and Thomas been married. When Mr. Bolton died, it was uncertain.<sup>30</sup> I should suppose about

---

<sup>29</sup> She was buried 12 mo. 11, 1723/4.

<sup>30</sup> Robert Bolton. Born July 26, 1688. Died June 23, 1742.



## The Life of Ann Bolton

the year 1740. He son Slator married<sup>31</sup> his first cousin Anne Curtis,<sup>32</sup> daughter of Jehu Curtis, and Judge of one of the Courts of New Castle. From this marriage proceeded thirteen children, of whom my much honored Father was the fifth. My Great Grandmother must have died about the year 1747.<sup>33</sup> The date of her last letter, in the life of which the foregoing is a part, is in the spring of 1746; at which time she speaks of her health as extremely delicate. Towards the close of her life, she mentions having heard through a Gentleman who had been to Sheffield, England, of the death of her first husbands' Father<sup>34</sup> and step-Mother. Judging from the date of the letter, as connected with other circumstances, they must have died about the year 1743. The old Gentleman is stated to have died immensely rich; but I never heard of his Grandchildren in this country inheriting any part of his wealth.)

J. C. Clay. March 4th, 1825.

---

<sup>31</sup> February 2, 1740/1.

<sup>32</sup> Daughter of Jehu Curtis and Mary Brinckle.

<sup>33</sup> May 5, 1747.

<sup>34</sup> July, 1737.



## Recapitulation

### RECAPITULATION

By JEHU CURTIS CLAY

Benanuel Bowers turned Quaker; lived in New England near Boston; married Elizabeth Dunster. Sent four of his eldest daughters to Philadelphia, the other eight remaining at home with their parents.

Their eldest daughter married Timothy Hanson near Frankford.

Their youngest married George Lownes, Springfield, Chester, now Delaware County.

Winlock Curtis, son of John Curtis, of Kent, married the fourth daughter, Anne; their offspring were Anne and Jehu Curtis. Anne Curtis married Robert Clay, of Sheffield, England, and after his death Robert Bolton. Jehu Curtis married Mary Brinkle, whose children were Anne and Mary. After his death his widow married Van Bebber.

The children of Robert and Anne Clay were Slator and Thomas, the latter emigrated to North Carolina and died about the year 1744.

Slator married his first cousin, Anne Curtis, whose children were Curtis, Robert, John, Thomas, Slator, two Jehus, Mary, Anne, Elizabeth, William, George and Sarah.



## Recapitulation

Robert Clay. Born 1688.

Anne Curtis. Born November 15, 1690.

Were married December 16, 1710.

Slator Clay. Born November 2, 1711. Died February, 1767.

Anne Curtis. Born November 29, 1723. Died June 14, 1789.

Married February 2, 1740/1.

Their children were born as follows:

Curtis Clay. April 9, 1747. Died September 11, 1809.

Robert Clay. October 18, 1749. Died December 27, 1831.

John Clay. June 4, 1751. Died December 13, 1779.

Thomas Clay. July 17, 1753. Died September 6, 1793.

Slator Clay. October 1, 1754. Died September 25, 1821.

Jehu Clay. January 8, 1756. Died at eighteen months old.

Jehu Clay. August 1, 1757. Died February 5, 1758.

Mary Clay. June 26, 1758. Died April 6, 1801.  
(Married to Alex. Porter, after to Thos. M. Foreman.)

Anne Clay. July 2, 1759. Died May 10, 1846.  
(Married to James Booth, May 5, 1785.)

Elizabeth Clay. July 21, 1760. Died at London, December 9, 1822. (Married to William Lees, 1789.)

William Clay. Born July 28, 1761. Died September 25, 1797. (Married to Sarah M'Williams.)

George Clay. Born December 13, 1762. Died February 11, 1805.

Sarah Clay. August 9, 1764. Died July, 1826.  
(Married to Robert Booth, March 1, 1787, and afterwards to Caldwell.)













JAN 75



N. MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA

